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A Book of Golden Deeds

Part I.

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TORONTO

A Book of Golden Deeds

Of all Times and all Lands

Gathered and Narrated by

Charlotte Mary Yonge

A Selection, Edited with Introduction, Notes, Glossary, etc., by

Helen H. Watson

Part I.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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CONTENTS.

	Date		Nation	Country	Page
I.	B.C. ?	Alcestis; Antigone	Greek	Thessaly / Thebes	1
II.	B.C. 480	The Pass of Thermopylae	Greek	Thessaly	12
III.	B.C. 389	The Rock of the Capitol	Roman	Rome	27
IV.	B.C. 380	The Two Friends of Syracuse	Sicilian / Greek	Syracuse	45
V.	A.D. 1347	The Keys of Calais	French	Calais	53
VI.	A.D. 1435	The Carnival of Perth	Scotch	Scotland	72
VII.	A.D. 1535	Sir Thomas More's Daughter	English	England	84
VIII.	B.C. 219 / A.D. 1642, 1798	Fathers and Sons	Roman, English, French	—	96

PAGE

INTRODUCTION, - - - - - - - - - vii

NOTES, - - - - - - - - - - 113

QUESTIONS, - - - - - - - - - - 121

SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS, - - - - - - - 123

GLOSSARY, - - - - - - - - - - 124

INDEX OF PROPER NAMES, - - - - - - 128

INTRODUCTION.

(BY THE EDITOR.)

WHAT is meant by a Golden Deed? Gold is regarded as the most precious of all metals, and has always been very widely sought. It is so precious that we make it the standard by which to measure the value of other things, so much esteemed that many efforts have been made to try to imitate it, and in olden times men spent precious years of their life in the vain search for a Philosopher's stone that should have the power of transmuting all that it touched into gold.

Although so precious, it is really more widely dispersed over the surface of the globe than many of the so-called common metals—copper or lead, for instance.

The poorest stratum may contain vestiges of gold, the meanest stream may have, lurking in its depths, grains of gold dust or even nuggets of pure gold.

By analogy, therefore, we apply the term golden to that quality which stands, like gold in the measurement of material things, as a standard of moral excellence: its name is LOVE, to use the word in its widest sense.

Golden deeds, like gold itself, may be found anywhere, in any country, race, or age; they belong to women as well as men, to little children as well as to their elders, to the bodily feeble and infirm as well as to the stalwart and strong.

Those who perform golden deeds are the world's heroes, that is to say they are those who, by their *self-sacrificing love*—be it for country, for home, for parent, for child, for

faith, for friend, even for enemy—rise head and shoulders above the common ruck of men.

It takes a great heart to hold such a wide love as this, for it is a love that must (albeit unconsciously—the very essence of true sacrifice is the unconsciousness that anything is being sacrificed) forget self, and is capable of giving up all—family, friend, home, for the sake of one burning, overmastering impulse to help others; it is a love that gives a man or even a child, the strength, the never-dying courage to achieve what, to ordinary men, is impossible.

Golden Deeds, like gold itself, may be found everywhere, but both abound where the conditions are most favourable to their development. The heroic deed often is the result of a sudden impulse, but the achievement is made possible by long-continued habits of self-control, discipline and unselfishness in the petty affairs of every-day life.

Love of this kind may take different forms according to the circumstances that called it into being: one of its highest forms is that which we call Patriotism. "The Japanese spirit," wrote a little girl of eleven to a soldier at the front, in the war between Russia and Japan, "is pure and noble. It is like the cherry blossom. The cherry blooms beautiful and, *without a breath of regret*, is blown to the winds of heaven. So we live and so we die, counting as naught the life we give for our country. Every Japanese has this spirit at his birth, and is ready to die for Emperor and Fatherland."[1]

If the handful of Greeks who stood, five centuries before the Christian era, with Leonidas at the Pass of Thermopylae, ready to defy the Persian host, had been asked to explain the reason for their action, they could not have done so in words that more exactly expressed their feeling than those used by the little Japanese maiden of the 20th century after

[1] Quoted in the *Standard*, March 3, 1905.

Christ. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*[1] But opportunities such as these do not occur often. Here is an instance of the same love in another form :—

"The small sailor-clad figure of James Nield (*aged five*) was lifted upon the magistrates' table at Blackburn (March 8, 1905) to receive the certificate of the society for the protection of life by fire. The mayor narrated how the little boy had rescued his baby brother from a fire which destroyed the cottage in which the children were left while the parents were at work."[2]

But to some of us great deeds of daring are, through force of circumstances, denied. Milton was thinking of these when he wrote in the days of his own blindness :

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Those who have read Mrs. Ewing's *Story of a Short Life* will readily recall the scene where poor little crippled Leonard explained to his mother the meaning of the ribbon-tied sheets of paper on the title page of which his father had been illuminating a capital L. "It is to be called the 'Book of Poor Things,' mother dear. . . .It's a collection of Poor Things who've been hurt like me ; or blind, like the organ tuner ; or had their heads—no not their heads, they couldn't go on doing things after that—had their legs or their arms chopped off and are very brave and good about it. . . . Father doesn't think Poor Things is a good name. He wanted me to call it Masters of Fate, because of some poetry. . . 'Man is man and Master of his Fate.'"[3]

It is not quite easy at first sight to understand these words : the meaning will come to you gradually as you read these *Stories of Golden Deeds* and as you think them over for yourselves afterwards.

[1] Horace, *Odes*, III. 2, 13.

[2] *The Standard.*

[3] *Cf.* Men at some times are masters of their fate.
—*Julius Cæsar* (i. 2).

I.

THE STORIES OF ALCESTIS AND ANTIGONE.

If we could all read Greek, we should turn for the stories of Alcestis and Antigone to the great Greek tragic writers, Euripides and Sophocles. They did not invent the stories, but they took them, just as our own Shakspere took the stories used in his plays, in their bare outline, from other writers who, in their turn, wrote down the tales they had heard repeatedly told or sung about in the days before there was such a thing as written history.

Euripides and Sophocles took the legends which had come down to them, expanded and beautified them, made the heroes of the stories as it were live and breathe once more, and turned what had been mere tales into living drama, that is to say, made a play of them in which we actually *see* the actions performed before our eyes instead of merely reading about them. Now the legends of Alcestis and Antigone were probably founded on fact, but, since in the days when they lived there were no written records of any kind, a good deal that was not true grew up round the facts, making the stories seem too marvellous to be quite believed, and yet adding very much to the beauty of the stories as stories.

Alcestis, so the legend goes, was the daughter of Pelias, King of Iolcos in Thessaly, a king famous for his

devices in getting rid of inconvenient people—it was he, for instance, who sent Jason in quest of the golden fleece, and when the marriage of his daughter, Alcestis, was in question, he tried to get rid of her suitors by making it a condition that the successful suitor should be able to yoke and drive together a wild boar and a lion. Admetus, King of Pherae, a town or district in Thessaly to the west of Iolcos, succeeded, thanks to a little timely help from Apollo, who owed the king a debt of gratitude. Admetus married Alcestis, but he foolishly omitted to offer a sacrifice to the goddess Artemis, and was in consequence condemned to die. Alcestis thereupon offered herself as a willing sacrifice in his stead, rather than that the state should be deprived of its ruler. The most touching scene in Euripides' tragedy is where Alcestis, full of the desire to live, yet moved by a splendid patriotism and a high sense of duty, takes her last look at the glorious sun and prepares for death.

The weakness of the story lies in Admetus' willing concession that his wife should make so unparalleled a self-sacrifice on his behalf, but the age of chivalry did not begin till after the power of Christianity had raised the status of woman to a higher level. In another of his plays Euripides tells us that "As far as life goes, one man is worth 10,000 women."

The story does not end in gloom, and therefore is not in the strictest sense a tragedy (see Glossary), for Heracles rescued the dead Alcestis from the grasp of death and restored her to Admetus.

Euripides, the Athenian poet who dramatised the beautiful story of Alcestis, was born B.C. 480, the year of the battle of Salamis. It was an age of literary glory for Greece, for it produced not only Euripides, but also Aeschylus and Sophocles, two of the greatest play-writers the world has ever known, and Socrates, one of its greatest philosophers or wise thinkers.

The *Alcestis* was one of a set of three plays sent up by Euripides for a great competition in Athens, but Euripides only carried off the second prize; the first was gained by Sophocles. Many of his friends thought that he ought to have obtained the first prize, and this is referred to in Browning's transcript from Euripides, called *Balaustion's Adventure*, a dramatic poem which everyone should read, not only because it gives us a very clear account of Euripides' play, but also because it contains a very charming story of its own. In the introduction to the *Story of the Capitol* you will find reference made to a Greek historian called Plutarch. It is very interesting to notice how one great writer can help another. Shakspere owed a great deal to Plutarch, and Browning went to him as well as to Euripides for his story of *Balaustion's Adventure*.[1]

One rather wonders whether Shakspere had the story of Alcestis in his mind when, in the last scene of the *Winter's Tale*, he makes the faithful Paulina restore the lost Hermione to her husband, presenting her to him first as a statue so wonderfully like the Queen, long supposed to be dead, that Leontes implores her to speak to him. So Alcestis, when first she returns to life, freed from the awful grasp of death, is more like a statue than a living, breathing woman.

We like to believe, especially when we read her story in a book of Golden Deeds, that Alcestis was a real living, human being who actually did the thing here recorded of her; but some people suggest, as Miss Yonge tells us in her story, that the legend of Alcestis is only an old world myth referring to the phenomena of Nature.

Apollo is the sun toiling all through his yearly course for the benefit of Admetus (man). Alcestis is the beautiful

[1] Plutarch's *Life of Nicias.*

half-light called Dawn or Twilight, ever in danger of being lost in the land of Death or Darkness, whence she is wrested by the hand of Heracles (Hercules), the Son of Strength, who restores her to Earth again each morning at dawn.[1]

The story of Antigone was dramatised by the Athenian poet Sophocles, who was Euripides' senior by about fifteen years. Sophocles' *Antigone* is one of the most perfect examples of Greek dramatic art. Antigone's conduct is marked by two splendid qualities—enthusiasm for the right, for the performance of her duty . . . and intense depth of domestic affection, shewn in her love for her father and her brother.[2]

The story of Antigone had been used before by Aeschylus in his *Seven against Thebes*, but his play ends with Antigone's resolution to sacrifice herself; it is to Sophocles that we owe the final, splendid catastrophe or series of catastrophes that makes the tragedy; for no Heracles comes to the rescue of Antigone: succour comes too late to save. The story has to do with Thebes, one of the most famous cities in the mythical ages of Greece; it was the chief city of Boeotia, and was in its early days governed by a king. One of these kings, Oedipus, was driven out of his kingdom by his son, Eteocles, and he was joined in his exile by his remaining three children—his son, Polynices, and his two daughters, Ismene and Antigone.[3]

Polynices induced six other heroes to join him in an expedition against Thebes to restore his father to the throne: this is the war of Seven against Thebes already mentioned. Only one of the seven survived, all the rest were slain, the two brothers, Polynices, the exile, and

[1] For more on this see Cox, Introduction to *Tales of Ancient Greece.*

[2] Prof. Jebb, Introduction to *Antigone.*

[3] *Cf.* Cornelia, who voluntarily exiles herself for her father.

Eteocles, the usurping king, falling by each other's hands. On the death of Eteocles, Creon, his uncle, assumed the government, and, regarding Polynices' action as that of a traitor, he would not allow to him the sacred rites of burial, threatening with death anyone who should do honour in any way to his dead body, which had been left, as it fell, on the field of battle.

Antigone determined, at the cost of her own life, to perform one of the most sacred duties known to her religion. For her act in sprinkling sacred dust on the corpse, she was condemned, by her uncle Creon, to be buried alive.

After Antigone had been led away to the rocky cell where she was to be immured, Creon, moved to compunction by the anger of the seer, Teiresias, relented and would have freed Antigone, but his repentance came too late. Antigone had already destroyed herself, and vengeance fell swift and sure on her murderer. Antigone had been betrothed to Creon's son, Haemon. He was the first to discover her dead body, and in an agony of grief, slew himself[1]; his mother, Eurydice, Creon's wife, driven distracted by this double tragedy, stabbed herself to death before the household altar, and Creon, bereft of all he loved, utterly broken and despairing, was left alone with his remorse, praying for Death, who refused to come to his release.

IT has been said that even the heathens saw and knew the glory of self-devotion; and the Greeks had two early instances so very beautiful that, though they cannot in all particulars be true, they must not be passed over. There must have been some foundation for them, though we cannot

[1] *Cf.* Shakspere's tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet.*

now disentangle them from the fable that has adhered to them; and, at any rate, the ancient Greeks believed them, and gathered strength and nobleness from dwelling on such examples; since, as it has been truly said, "Every word, look, or thought of sympathy with heroic action, helps to make heroism." Both tales were represented before them in their solemn religious tragedies, and the noble poetry in which they were recounted by the great Greek dramatists has been preserved to our time.

Alcestis was the wife of Admetus, King of Pheræ, who, according to the legend, was assured that his life might be prolonged, provided father, mother, or wife would die in his stead. It was Alcestis alone who was willing freely to give her life to save that of her husband; and her devotion is thus exquisitely described in the following translation, by Professor Anstice, from the choric song in the tragedy by Euripides:—

"Be patient, for thy tears are vain—
They may not wake the dead again:
E'en heroes, of immortal sire
And mortal mother born, expire.
Oh, she was dear
While she linger'd here;
She is dear now she rests below,
And thou mayst boast
That the bride thou hast lost
Was the noblest earth can show.

"We will not look on her burial sod
As the cell of sepulchral sleep,

It shall be as the shrine of a radiant god,
And the pilgrim shall visit that blest abode
To worship, and not to weep ;
And as he turns his steps aside,
Thus shall he breathe his vow :
'Here sleeps a self-devoted bride,
Of old to save her lord she died.
She is a spirit now.
Hail, bright and blest one ! grant to me
The smiles of glad prosperity.'
Thus shall he own her name divine,
Thus bend him at Alcestis' shrine."

The story, however, bore that Hercules, descending in the course of one of his labours into the realms of the dead, rescued Alcestis, and brought her back ; and Euripides gives a scene in which the rough, jovial Hercules insists on the sorrowful Admetus marrying again a lady of his own choice, and gives the veiled Alcestis back to him as the new bride. Later Greeks tried to explain the story by saying that Alcestis nursed her husband through an infectious fever, caught it herself, and had been supposed to be dead, when a skilful physician restored her ; but this is probably only one of the many reasonable versions they tried to give of the old tales that were founded on the decay and revival of nature in winter and spring, and with a presage running through them of sacrifice, death, and resurrection. Our own poet Chaucer was a great admirer of Alcestis, and improved upon the legend by turning her into his favourite flower—

"The daisie or els the eye of the daie,
The emprise and the floure of flouris all."

Another Greek legend told of the maiden of Thebes, one of the most self-devoted beings that could be conceived by a fancy untrained in the knowledge of Divine Perfection. It cannot be known how much of her story is true, but it was one that went deep into the hearts of Grecian men and women, and encouraged them in some of their best feelings; and assuredly the deeds imputed to her were golden.

Antigone was a daughter of the old King Œdipus of Thebes. After a time heavy troubles, the consequence of the sins of his youth, came upon him, and he was driven away from his kingdom, and sent to wander forth a blind old man, scorned and pointed at by all. Then it was that his faithful daughter showed true affection for him. She might have remained at Thebes with her brother Eteocles, who had been made king in her father's room, but she chose instead to wander forth with the forlorn old man, fallen from his kingly state, and absolutely begging his bread. The great Athenian poet Sophocles began his tragedy of "Œdipus Coloneus" with showing the blind old king leaning upon Antigone's arm and asking—

> "Tell me, thou daughter of a blind old man,
> Antigone, to what land are we come,
> Or to what city? Who the inhabitants
> Who with a slender pittance will relieve
> Even for a day the wandering Œdipus?" (POTTER.)

The place to which they had come was in

Attica, near the city of Colonus. It was a lovely grove—

"All the haunts of Attic ground,
Where the matchless coursers bound,
Boast not, through their realms of bliss,
Other spot so fair as this.
Frequent down this greenwood dale
Mourns the warbling nightingale,
Nestling 'mid the thickest screen
Of the ivy's darksome green,
Or where each empurpled shoot
Drooping with its myriad fruit,
Curl'd in many a mazy twine,
Droops the never-trodden vine." (ANSTICE.)

This beautiful grove was sacred to the Eumenides, or avenging goddesses, and it was therefore a sanctuary where no foot might tread; but near it the exiled king was allowed to take up his abode, and was protected by the great Athenian King, Theseus. There his other daughter, Ismene, joined him, and, after a time, his elder son, Polynices, arrived.

Polynices had been expelled from Thebes by his brother Eteocles, and had been wandering through Greece seeking aid to recover his rights. He had collected an army, and was come to take leave of his father and sisters; and at the same time to entreat his sisters to take care that, if he should fall in the battle, they would prevent his corpse from being left unburied; for the Greeks believed that till the funeral rites were performed, the spirit went wandering restlessly up and down upon the

banks of a dark stream unable to enter the home of the dead. Antigone solemnly promised to him that he should not be left without these last rites. Before long, old Œdipus was killed by lightning, and the two sisters returned to Thebes.

The united armies of the seven chiefs against Thebes came on, led by Polynices. Eteocles sallied out to meet them, and there was a terrible battle, ending in all the seven chiefs being slain, and the two brothers, Eteocles and Polynices, were killed by one another in single combat. Creon, the uncle, who thus became king, had always been on the side of Eteocles, and therefore commanded that, whilst this younger brother was entombed with all due solemnities, the body of the elder should be left upon the battle-field to be torn by dogs and vultures, and that whosoever durst bury it should be treated as a rebel and traitor to the state.

This was the time for the sister to remember her oath to her dead brother. The more timid Ismene would have dissuaded her, but she answered,—

> "To me no sufferings have that hideous form
> Which can affright me from a glorious death."

And she crept forth by night, amid all the horrors of the deserted field of battle, and herself covered with loose earth the corpse of Polynices. The barbarous uncle caused it to be taken up and again

exposed, and a watch was set at some little distance. Again Antigone

> "Was seen, lamenting shrill with plaintive notes,
> Like the poor bird that sees her lonely nest
> Spoil'd of her young."

Again she heaped dry dust with her own hands over the body, and poured forth the libations of wine that formed an essential part of the ceremony. She was seized by the guard, and led before Creon. She boldly avowed her deed, and, in spite of the supplications of Ismene, she was put to death, a sufferer for her noble and pious deeds; and with this only comfort:—

> "Glowing at my heart
> I feel this hope, that to my father, dear
> And dear to thee, my mother, dear to thee,
> My brother, I shall go." (POTTER.)

Dim and doubtful indeed was the hope that upbore the grave and beautiful Theban maiden; and we shall see her resolution equalled, though hardly surpassed, by Christian Antigones of equal love and surer faith.

II.

THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ.

B.C. 480.

THE early history of Greece is concerned with the making of the Greek nation, its civilisation, and the rise, one after another, of great military states like that of Sparta and Athens, whose methods of government differed in many essentials from one another. Meanwhile, while the Greeks at home were fighting out the questions of aristocracy and democracy, and were busy founding colonies in new lands, the same sort of internal warfare and change was taking place in the great continent of Asia, separated from Greece only by a narrow strip of water. Five great empires had risen one after another in this Eastern World, so little known to the Greeks, and each had in turn been conquered by another, until finally all fell in ruin before the advance of a sixth power, destined not only to absorb all the others, but to take to itself vast new regions hitherto unheard of. Assyria, Media, Babylon, Lydia, Egypt—these were the five empires, each magnificent and powerful in turn, but all alike supplanted by the great kingdom of Persia. It was when Lydia fell into the hands of the Persians that the latter came in contact and conflict with the Greeks. In 490 B.C. the Persians, in the reign of Darius, invaded Greece and were defeated, on the plain of Marathon, by the Athenians under Miltiades. Nothing daunted, they made a second

attempt ten years later, 480 B.C. ; internal discord in the Greek states making it more likely that an outside enemy might succeed. Xerxes, son of Darius, spent a whole winter at Sardis, the capital of Lydia, gathering forces and making preparations, and in the spring of 480 B.C. he set out with his fleet in which he had embarked a vast army. What followed may be read in the story of Thermopylæ.

The magnificent patriotism of Leonidas and his 300 men, counting as naught the life they gave for their country, set an example that was imitated by other Greeks, and presently brought about the great victory of Salamis.

Our own poet, Byron, gives us some fine lines, inspired by the sight of Thermopylæ and Salamis, in which he mourns over the decadence of modern Greece, and recalls, in the hour of her decay. her ancient splendour and glory.[1] In *The Isles of Greece* also he refers again to Salamis in words that are often quoted :

"A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks on sea-born Salamis
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations ; all were his !
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they ?"

THERE was trembling in Greece. "The Great King," as the Greeks called the chief potentate of the East, whose domains stretched from the Indian Caucasus to the Ægæus, from the Caspian to the Red Sea, was marshalling his forces against the little free states that nestled amid the rocks and gulfs of the Eastern Mediterranean. Already had his might devoured the cherished colonies of the

[1] *The Giaour.*

Greeks on the eastern shore of the Archipelago, and every traitor to home institutions found a ready asylum at that despotic court, and tried to revenge his own wrongs by whispering incitements to invasion. "All people, nations, and languages," was the commencement of the decrees of that monarch's court; and it was scarcely a vain boast, for his satraps ruled over subject kingdoms, and among his tributary nations he counted the Chaldean, with his learning and old civilization, the wise and steadfast Jew, the skilful Phœnician, the learned Egyptian, the wild freebooting Arab of the desert, the dark-skinned Ethiopian, and over all these ruled the keen-witted, active native Persian race, the conquerors of all the rest, and led by a chosen band proudly called the Immortal. His many capitals—Babylon the great, Susa, Persepolis, and the like—were names of dreamy splendour to the Greeks, described now and then by Ionians from Asia Minor who had carried their tribute to the king's own feet, or by courtier slaves who had escaped with difficulty from being all too serviceable at the tyrannic court. And the lord of this enormous empire was about to launch his countless hosts against the little cluster of states, the whole of which together would hardly equal one province of the huge Asiatic realm! Moreover, it was a war not only on the men but on their gods. The Persians were zealous adorers of the sun and of fire, they abhorred the idol-worship of the Greeks, and defiled and plun-

dered every temple that fell in their way. Death and desolation were almost the best that could be looked for at such hands—slavery and torture from cruelly barbarous masters would only too surely be the lot of numbers, should their land fall a prey to the conquerors.

True it was that ten years back the former Great King had sent his best troops to be signally defeated upon the coast of Attica; but the losses at Marathon had but stimulated the Persian lust of conquest, and the new King Xerxes was gathering together such myriads of men as should crush down the Greeks and overrun their country by mere force of numbers.

The muster place was at Sardis, and there Greek spies had seen the multitudes assembling and the state and magnificence of the king's attendants. Envoys had come from him to demand earth and water from each state in Greece, as emblems that land and sea were his, but each state was resolved to be free, and only Thessaly, that which lay first in his path, consented to yield the token of subjugation. A council was held at the Isthmus of Corinth, and attended by deputies from all the states of Greece to consider of the best means of defence. The ships of the enemy would coast round the shores of the Ægean sea, the land army would cross the Hellespont on a bridge of boats lashed together, and march southwards into Greece. The only hope of averting the danger lay in defending such passages as, from the

nature of the ground, were so narrow that only a few persons could fight hand to hand at once, so that courage would be of more avail than numbers.

The first of these passes was called Tempe, and a body of troops was sent to guard it; but they found that this was useless and impossible, and came back again. The next was at Thermopylæ. Look in your map of the Archipelago, or Ægean Sea, as it was then called, for the great island of Negropont, or by its old name, Eubœa. It looks like a piece broken off from the coast, and to the north is shaped like the head of a bird, with the beak running into a gulf, that would fit over it, upon the main land, and between the island and the coast is an exceedingly narrow strait. The Persian army would have to march round the edge of the gulf. They could not cut straight across the country, because the ridge of mountains called Œta rose up and barred their way. Indeed, the woods, rocks, and precipices came down so near the sea-shore, that in two places there was only room for one single wheel track between the steeps and the impassable morass that formed the border of the gulf on its south side. These two very narrow places were called the gates of the pass, and were about a mile apart. There was a little more width left in the intervening space; but in this there were a number of springs of warm mineral water, salt and sulphurous, which were used for the sick to bathe in, and thus the place was called Ther-

mopylæ, or the Hot Gates. A wall had once been built across the westernmost of these narrow places, when the Thessalians and Phocians, who lived on either side of it, had been at war with one another; but it had been allowed to go to decay, since the Phocians had found out that there was a very steep narrow mountain path along the bed of a torrent, by which it was possible to cross from one territory to the other without going round this marshy coast road.

This was, therefore, an excellent place to defend. The Greek ships were all drawn up on the further side of Eubœa to prevent the Persian vessels from getting into the strait and landing men beyond the pass, and a division of the army was sent off to guard the Hot Gates. The council at the Isthmus did not know of the mountain pathway, and thought that all would be safe as long as the Persians were kept out of the coast path.

The troops sent for this purpose were from 20 different cities, and amounted to about 4,000, who were to keep the pass against two millions. The leader of them was Leonidas, who had newly become one of the two kings of Sparta, the city that above all in Greece trained its sons to be hardy soldiers, dreading death infinitely less than shame. Leonidas had already made up his mind that the expedition would probably be his death, perhaps because a prophecy had been given at the Temple at Delphi that Sparta should be saved by the death of one of her kings of the race of

Hercules. He was allowed by law to take with him 300 men, and these he chose most carefully, not merely for their strength and courage, but selecting those who had sons, so that no family might be altogether destroyed. These Spartans, with their helots or slaves, made up his own share of the numbers, but all the army was under his generalship. It is even said that the 300 celebrated their own funeral rites before they set out, lest they should be deprived of them by the enemy, since, as we have already seen, it was the Greek belief that the spirits of the dead found no rest till their obsequies had been performed. Such preparations did not daunt the spirits of Leonidas and his men, and his wife, Gorgo, was not a woman to be faint-hearted or hold him back. Long before, when she was a very little girl, a word of hers had saved her father from listening to a traitorous message from the King of Persia; and every Spartan lady was bred up to be able to say to those she best loved that they must come home from battle "with the shield or on it"—either carrying it victoriously or borne upon it as a corpse.

When Leonidas came to Thermopylæ, the Phocians told him of the mountain path through the chestnut woods of Mount Œta, and begged to have the privilege of guarding it on a spot high up on the mountain side, assuring him that it was very hard to find at the other end, and that there was every probability that the enemy would never

discover it. He consented, and encamping around the warm springs, caused the broken wall to be repaired, and made ready to meet the foe.

The Persian army were seen covering the whole country like locusts, and the hearts of some of the southern Greeks in the pass began to sink. Their homes in the Peloponnesus were comparatively secure—had they not better fall back and reserve themselves to defend the Isthmus of Corinth? But Leonidas, though Sparta was safe below the Isthmus, had no intention of abandoning his northern allies, and kept the other Peloponnesians to their posts, only sending messengers for further help.

Presently a Persian on horseback rode up to reconnoitre the pass. He could not see over the wall, but in front of it and on the ramparts, he saw the Spartans, some of them engaged in active sports, and others in combing their long hair. He rode back to the king, and told him what he had seen. Now, Xerxes had in his camp an exiled Spartan Prince, named Demaratus, who had become a traitor to his country, and was serving as counsellor to the enemy. Xerxes sent for him, and asked whether his countrymen were mad to be thus employed instead of fleeing away; but Demaratus made answer that a hard fight was no doubt in preparation, and that it was the custom of the Spartans to array their hair with especial care when they were about to enter upon any great peril. Xerxes would, however, not believe

that so petty a force could intend to resist him, and waited four days, probably expecting his fleet to assist him, but as it did not appear, the attack was made.

The Greeks, stronger men and more heavily armed, were far better able to fight to advantage than the Persians with their short spears and wicker shields, and beat them off with great ease. It is said that Xerxes three times leapt off his throne in despair at the sight of his troops being driven backwards; and thus for two days it seemed as easy to force a way through the Spartans as through the rocks themselves. Nay, how could slavish troops, dragged from home to spread the victories of an ambitious king, fight like freemen who felt that their strokes were to defend their homes and children?

But on that evening a wretched man, named Ephialtes, crept into the Persian camp, and offered, for a great sum of money, to show the mountain path that would enable the enemy to take the brave defenders in the rear! A Persian general, named Hydarnes, was sent off at nightfall with a detachment to secure this passage, and was guided through the thick forests that clothed the hill-side. In the stillness of the air, at daybreak, the Phocian guards of the path were startled by the crackling of the chestnut leaves under the tread of many feet. They started up, but a shower of arrows was discharged on them, and forgetting all save the present alarm, they fled to a higher part of

the mountain, and the enemy, without waiting to pursue them, began to descend.

As day dawned, morning light showed the watchers of the Grecian camp below a glittering and shimmering in the torrent bed where the shaggy forests opened; but it was not the sparkle of water, but the shine of gilded helmets and the gleaming of silvered spears! Moreover, a Cimmerian crept over to the wall from the Persian camp with tidings that the path had been betrayed, that the enemy were climbing it, and would come down beyond the Eastern Gate. Still, the way was rugged and circuitous, the Persians would hardly descend before mid-day, and there was ample time for the Greeks to escape before they could thus be shut in by the enemy.

There was a short council held over the morning sacrifice. Megistias, the seer, on inspecting the entrails of the slain victim, declared, as well he might, that their appearance boded disaster. Him Leonidas ordered to retire, but he refused, though he sent home his only son. There was no disgrace to an ordinary tone of mind in leaving a post that could not be held, and Leonidas recommended all the allied troops under his command to march away while yet the way was open. As to himself and his Spartans, they had made up their minds to die at their post, and there could be no doubt that the example of such a resolution would do more to save Greece than their best efforts could ever do if

they were careful to reserve themselves for another occasion.

All the allies consented to retreat, except the eighty men who came from Mycenæ and the 700 Thespians, who declared that they would not desert Leonidas. There were also 400 Thebans who remained; and thus the whole number that stayed with Leonidas to confront two million of enemies were fourteen hundred warriors, besides the helots or attendants on the 300 Spartans, whose number is not known, but there was probably at least one to each. Leonidas had two kinsmen in the camp, like himself, claiming the blood of Hercules, and he tried to save them by giving them letters and messages to Sparta; but one answered that "he had come to fight, not to carry letters"; and the other that "his deeds would tell all that Sparta wished to know." Another Spartan, named Dienices, when told that the enemy's archers were so numerous that their arrows darkened the sun, replied, "so much the better, we shall fight in the shade." Two of the 300 had been sent to a neighbouring village, suffering severely from a complaint in the eyes. One of them, called Eurytus, put on his armour, and commanded his helot to lead him to his place in the ranks; the other, called Aristodemus, was so overpowered with illness that he allowed himself to be carried away with the retreating allies. It was still early in the day when all were gone, and Leonidas gave the word to his men to take their

last meal. "To-night," he said, "we shall sup with Pluto."

Hitherto, he had stood on the defensive, and had husbanded the lives of his men; but he now desired to make as great a slaughter as possible, so as to inspire the enemy with dread of the Grecian name. He therefore marched out beyond the wall, without waiting to be attacked, and the battle began. The Persian captains went behind their wretched troops and scourged them on to fight with whips! Poor wretches, they were driven on to be slaughtered, pierced with Greek spears, hurled into the sea, or trampled into the mud of the morass; but their inexhaustible numbers told at length. The spears of the Greeks broke under hard service, and their swords alone remained; they began to fall, and Leonidas himself was among the first of the slain. Hotter than ever was the fight over his corpse, and two Persian princes, brothers of Xerxes, were there killed; but at length word was brought that Hydarnes was over the pass, and that the few remaining men were thus enclosed on all sides. The Spartans and Thespians made their way to a little hillock within the wall, resolved to let this be the place of their last stand; but the hearts of the Thebans failed them, and they came towards the Persians holding out their hands in entreaty for mercy. Quarter was given to them, but they were all branded with the king's mark as untrustworthy deserters. The helots probably a this time

escaped into the mountains; while the small desperate band stood side by side on the hill still fighting to the last, some with swords, others with daggers, others even with their hands and teeth, till not one living man remained amongst them when the sun went down. There was only a mound of slain, bristled over with arrows.

Twenty thousand Persians had died before that handful of men! Xerxes asked Demaratus if there were many more at Sparta like these, and was told there were 8,000. It must have been with a somewhat failing heart that he invited his courtiers from the fleet to see what he had done to the men who dared to oppose him! and showed them the head and arm of Leonidas set up upon a cross; but he took care that all his own slain, except 1,000, should first be put out of sight. The body of the brave king was buried where he fell, as were those of the other dead. Much envied were they by the unhappy Aristodemus, who found himself called by no name but the "Coward," and was shunned by all his fellow-citizens. No one would give him fire or water, and after a year of misery, he redeemed his honour by perishing in the fore-front of the battle of Platæa, which was the last blow that drove the Persians ingloriously from Greece.

The Greeks then united in doing honour to the brave warriors who, had they been better supported, might have saved the whole country from invasion. The poet Simonides wrote the inscriptions that

were engraved upon the pillars that were set up in the pass to commemorate this great action. One was outside the wall, where most of the fighting had been. It seems to have been in honour of the whole number who had for two days resisted—

"Here did four thousand men from Pelops' land
Against three hundred myriads bravely stand."

In honour of the Spartans was another column—

"Go, traveller, to Sparta tell
That here, obeying her, we fell."

On the little hillock of the last resistance was placed the figure of a stone lion, in memory of Leonidas, so fitly named the lion-like, and Simonides, at his own expense, erected a pillar to his friend, the seer Megistias—

"The great Megistias' tomb you here may view,
Who slew the Medes, fresh from Spercheius fords;
Well the wise seer the coming death foreknew,
Yet scorn'd he to forsake his Spartan lords."

The names of the 300 were likewise engraven on a pillar at Sparta.

Lion, pillars, and inscriptions have all long since passed away, even the very spot itself has changed; new soil has been formed, and there are miles of solid ground between Mount Œta and the gulf, so that the Hot Gates no longer exist. But more enduring than stone or brass—nay, than the very battle-field itself—has been the name of Leonidas. Two thousand three hundred years have sped

since he braced himself to perish for his country's sake in that narrow, marshy coast road, under the brow of the wooded crags, with the sea by his side. Since that time how many hearts have glowed, how many arms have been nerved at the remembrance of the Pass of Thermopylæ, and the defeat that was worth so much more than a victory!

III.

THE ROCK OF THE CAPITOL.

B.C. 389.

THE date traditionally ascribed to the founding of Rome is 753 B.C. Romulus, the founder of the city, was its first king, and he was followed by six other kings in succession. Then, in the time of the second Tarquin, trouble came on the city through the tyrannical conduct of the king; he was banished, and Rome determined to set up a republic (510 B.C.). The next period, lasting two or three hundred years, was spent in what we may call experimental government, but through all their experiments and through all the difficulties which arose between those who claimed full constitutional privileges (the Patricians) and those to whom the Patricians wished to deny them (the Plebeians) the same broad principles of government were observed: two consuls took the place of the early kings; they were assisted by the advice of a senate; presently—to safeguard the growing interests of the Plebeians—tribunes were added, one at first, later five, finally ten; and, in times of special danger, a dictator was elected by the senate to hold supreme power over all. The dictator, in early times, was often needed, for Rome had to increase her own power at the expense of her neighbours; wars were incessant, and every city that could be forced to give in was drawn into a more or less unwilling union with Rome. This union became increas-

ingly necessary, for, when not at war among themselves, the cities had very often to face a common danger in resisting the advance of the many alien tribes—like the Gauls—who fell upon every unguarded spot, to conquer or to despoil, and who carried away with them, when they left, rich booty of all kinds.

It is to a Greek rather than to a Roman historian that we owe the most graphic account of these exciting times in the early history of Rome, a Greek born about fifty years after the birth of Christ, at a time when Rome had entered into a new phase in her history and had become a military despotism under the rule of Nero.

It is to the Greek Plutarch that we owe a splendid series of portraits of the great heroes of antiquity, in which they seem to live and move before our eyes so naturally that we are able to form a just estimate of their characters as well as of their deeds.

To Plutarch Shakspere owed most of his material for the plays of *Coriolanus*, *Julius Caesar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra* (see Introduction to Story I.). Very often he takes the very words of Plutarch, and with his poet's wand turns them into poetry. Plutarch's life of Camillus may well be read by those who wish to know more about the story of the Capitol.

THE city of Rome was gradually rising on the banks of the Tiber, and every year was adding to its temples and public buildings.

Every citizen loved his city and her greatness above all else. There was as yet little wealth among them; the richest owned little more than a few acres, which they cultivated themselves by the help of their families, and sometimes of a few slaves, and the beautiful Campagna di Roma, girt

in by hills looking like amethysts in the distance, had not then become almost uninhabitable from pestilential air, but was rich and fertile, full of highly cultivated small farms, where corn was raised in furrows made by a small hand plough, and herds of sheep, goats, and oxen browsed in the pasture lands. The owners of these lands would on public days take off their rude working dress and broad-brimmed straw hat, and putting on the white toga with a purple hem, would enter the city, and go to the valley called the Forum or Market-place to give their votes for the officers of state who were elected every year; especially the two consuls, who were like kings all but the crown, wore purple togas richly embroidered, sat on ivory chairs, and were followed by lictors carrying an axe in a bundle of rods for the execution of justice. In their own chamber sat the Senate, the great council composed of the patricians, or citizens of highest birth, and of those who had formerly been consuls. They decided on peace or war, and made the laws, and were the real governors of the State, and their grave dignity made a great impression on all who came near them. Above the buildings of the city rose steep and high the Capitoline Hill, with the Temple of Jupiter on its summit, and the strong wall in which was the chief stronghold and citadel of Rome, the Capitol, the very centre of her strength and resolution. When a war was decided on, every citizen capable of bearing arms

was called into the Forum, bringing his helmet, breast-plate, short sword and heavy spear, and the officers, called tribunes, chose out a sufficient number, who were formed into bodies called legions, and marched to battle under the command of one of the consuls. Many little States or Italian tribes, who had nearly the same customs as Rome, surrounded the Campagna, and so many disputes arose, that every year, as soon as the crops were saved, the armies marched out, the flocks were driven to folds on the hills, the women and children were placed in the walled cities, and a battle was fought, sometimes followed up by the siege of the city of the defeated. The Romans did not always obtain the victory, but there was a staunchness about them that was sure to prevail in the long run; if beaten one year, they came back to the charge the next, and thus they gradually mastered one of their neighbours after another, and spread their dominion over the central part of Italy.

They were well used to Italian and Etruscan ways of making war, but after nearly 400 years of this kind of fighting, a stranger and wilder enemy came upon them. These were the Gauls, a tall, strong, brave people, long limbed and red haired, of the same race as the Highlanders of Scotland. They had gradually spread themselves over the middle of Europe, and had for some generations past lived among the Alpine mountains, whence they used to come down upon the rich plains of

northern Italy for forays, in which they slew and burnt, and drove off cattle, and now and then, when a country was quite depopulated, would settle themselves in it. And thus, the Gauls conquering from the north and the Romans from the south, these two fierce nations at length came against one another.

The old Roman story is that it happened thus: The Gauls had an unusually able leader, whom Latin historians called Brennus, but whose real name was most likely Bran, and who is said to have come out of Britain. He had brought a great host of Gauls to attack Clusium, a Tuscan city, and the inhabitants sent to Rome to entreat succour. Three ambassadors, brothers of the noble old family of Fabius, were sent from Rome to intercede for the Clusians. They asked Brennus what harm the men of Clusium had done the Gauls, that they thus made war on them, and, according to Plutarch's account, Brennus made answer that the injury was that the Clusians possessed land that the Gauls wanted, remarking, that it was exactly the way in which the Romans themselves treated their neighbours, adding, however, that this was neither cruel nor unjust, but according—

> "To the good old plan
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

The Fabii, on receiving this answer, were so foolish as to transgress the rule, owned even by the savage Gauls, that an ambassador should

neither fight nor be fought with; they joined the Clusians, and one brother, named Quintus, killed a remarkably large and tall Gallic chief in single combat. Brennus was justly enraged, and sent messengers to Rome to demand that the brothers should be given up to him for punishment. The priests and many of the Senate held that the rash young men had deserved death as covenant-breakers; but their father made strong interest for them, and prevailed not only to have them spared, but even chosen as tribunes to lead the legions in the war that was expected. Thus he persuaded the whole nation to take on itself the guilt of his sons, a want of true self-devotion uncommon among the old Romans, and which was severely punished.

The Gauls were much enraged, and hurried southwards, not waiting for plunder by the way, but declaring that they were friends to every State save Rome. The Romans on their side collected their troops in haste, but with a lurking sense of having transgressed; and since they had gainsayed the counsel of their priests, they durst not have recourse to the sacrifices and ceremonies by which they usually sought to gain the favour of their gods. Even among heathens, the saying has often been verified, "a sinful heart makes failing hand," and the battle on the banks of the river Allia, about eleven miles from Rome, was not so much a fight as a rout. The Roman soldiers were ill drawn up, and were at once

broken. Some fled to Veii and other towns, many were drowned in crossing the Tiber, and it was but a few who showed in Rome their shame-stricken faces, and brought word that the Gauls were upon them.

Had the Gauls been really in pursuit, the Roman name and nation would have perished under their swords; but they spent three days in feasting and sharing their plunder, and thus gave the Romans time to take measures for the safety of such as could yet escape. There seems to have been no notion of defending the city, the soldiers had been too much dispersed; but all who still remained and could call up something of their ordinary courage, carried all the provisions they could collect into the stronghold of the Capitol, and resolved to hold out there till the last, in hopes that the scattered army might muster again, or that the Gauls might retreat, after having revenged themselves on the city. Every one who could not fight, took flight, taking with them all they could carry, and among them went the white-clad troop of vestal virgins, carrying with them their censer of fire, which was esteemed sacred, and never allowed to be extinguished. A man named Albinus, who saw these sacred women footsore, weary, and weighed down with the treasures of their temple, removed his own family and goods from his cart and seated them in it—an act of reverence for which he was much esteemed—and thus they safely

reached the city of Cumæ. The only persons left in Rome outside the Capitol were eighty of the oldest senators and some of the priests. Some were too feeble to fly, and would not come into the Capitol to consume the food that might maintain fighting men; but most of them were filled with a deep, solemn thought that, by offering themselves to the weapons of the barbarians, they might atone for the sin sanctioned by the Republic, and that their death might be the saving of the nation. This notion that the death of a ruler would expiate a country's guilt, was one of the strange presages abroad in the heathen world of that which alone takes away the sin of all mankind.

On came the Gauls at last. The gates stood open, the streets were silent, the houses' low-browed doors showed no one in the paved courts. No living man was to be seen, till at last, hurrying down the steep empty streets, they reached the great open space of the Forum, and there they stood still in amazement, for ranged along a gallery were a row of ivory chairs, and in each chair sat the figure of a white-haired, white-bearded man, with arms and legs bare, and robes either of snowy white, white bordered with purple, or purple richly embroidered, ivory staves in their hands, and majestic, unmoved countenances. So motionless were they, that the Gauls stood still, not knowing whether they beheld men or statues. A wondrous scene it must have been, as the

brawny, red-haired Gauls, with freckled visage, keen little eyes, long broad sword, and wide plaid garment, fashioned into loose trousers, came curiously down into the market-place, one after another; and each stood silent and transfixed at the spectacle of those grand figures, still unmoving, save that their large full liquid dark eyes showed them to be living beings. Surely these Gauls deemed themselves in the presence of that council of kings who were sometimes supposed to govern Rome, nay, if they were not before the gods themselves. At last, one Gaul, ruder, or more curious than the rest, came up to one of the venerable figures, and, to make proof whether he were flesh and blood, stroked his beard. Such an insult from an uncouth barbarian was more than Roman blood could brook, and the Gaul soon had his doubt satisfied by a sharp blow on the head from the ivory staff. All reverence was dispelled by that stroke; it was at once returned by a death thrust, and the fury of the savages wakening in proportion to the awe that had at first struck them, they rushed on the old senators, and slew each one in his curule chair.

Then they dispersed through the city, burning, plundering, and destroying. To take the Capitol they soon found to be beyond their power, but they hoped to starve the defenders out; and in the meantime they spent their time in pulling down the outer walls, and such houses and temples as had resisted the fire, till the defenders

of the Capitol looked down from their height on nothing but desolate black burnt ground, with a few heaps of ruins in the midst, and the barbarians roaming about in it, and driving in the cattle that their foraging parties collected from the country round. There was much earnest faith in their own religion among the Romans: they took all this ruin as the just reward of their shelter of the Fabii, and even in their extremity were resolved not to transgress any sacred rule. Though food daily became more scarce and starvation was fast approaching, not one of the sacred geese that were kept in Juno's Temple was touched; and one Fabius Dorso, who believed that the household gods of his family required yearly a sacrifice on their own festival day on the Quirinal Hill, arrayed himself in the white robes of a sacrificer, took his sacred images in his arms, and went out of the Capitol, through the midst of the enemy, through the ruins to the accustomed altar, and there performed the regular rites. The Gauls, seeing that it was a religious ceremony, let him pass through them untouched, and he returned in safety; but Brennus was resolved on completing his conquest, and while half his forces went out to plunder, he remained with the other half, watching the moment to effect an entrance into the Capitol; and how were the defenders, worn out with hunger, to resist without relief from without? And who was there to bring relief to them, who were themselves the Roman State and government?

Now there was a citizen, named Marcus Furius Camillus, who was, without question, at that time, the first soldier of Rome, and had taken several of the chief Italian cities, especially that of Veii, which had long been a most dangerous enemy. But he was a proud, haughty man, and had brought on himself much dislike; until, at last, a false accusation was brought against him, that he had taken an unfair share of the plunder of Veii. He was too proud to stand a trial; and, leaving the city, was immediately fined a considerable sum. He had taken up his abode at the city of Ardea, and was there living when the plundering half of Brennus' army was reported to be coming thither. Camillus immediately offered the magistrates to undertake their defence; and getting together all the men who could bear arms, he led them out, fell upon the Gauls as they all lay asleep and unguarded in the dead of night, made a great slaughter of them, and saved Ardea. All this was heard by the many Romans who had been living dispersed since the rout of Allia; and they began to recover heart and spirit, and to think that if Camillus would be their leader, they might yet do something to redeem the honour of Rome, and save their friends in the Capitol. An entreaty was sent to him to take the command of them; but, like a proud, stern man as he was, he made answer, that he was a mere exile, and could not take upon himself to lead Romans without a decree from the Senate giving him authority

The Senate was—all that remained of it—shut up in the Capitol; the Gauls were spread all round; how was that decree to be obtained?

A young man, named Pontius Cominius, undertook the desperate mission. He put on a peasant dress, and hid some corks under it, supposing that he should find no passage by the bridge over the Tiber. Travelling all day on foot, he came at night to the bank, and saw the guard at the bridge; then, having waited for darkness, he rolled his one thin light garment, with the corks wrapped up in it, round his head, and trusted himself to the stream of Father Tiber, like "good Horatius" before him; and he was safely borne along to the foot of the Capitoline Hill. He crept along, avoiding every place where he saw lights or heard noise, till he came to a rugged precipice, which he suspected would not be watched by the enemy, who would suppose it too steep to be climbed from above or below. But the resolute man did not fear the giddy, dangerous ascent, even in the darkness; he swung himself up by the stems and boughs of vines and climbing plants, his naked feet clung to the rocks and tufts of grass, and at length he stood on the top of the rampart, calling out his name to the soldiers who came in haste around him, not knowing whether he were friend or foe. A joyful sound must his Latin speech have been to the long-tried, half-starved garrison, who had not seen a fresh face for six long months! The few who represented the Senate and people of

Rome were hastily awakened from their sleep, and gathered together to hear the tidings brought them at so much risk. Pontius told them of the victory at Ardea, and that Camillus and the Romans collected at Veii were only waiting to march to their succour till they should give him lawful power to take the command. There was little debate. The vote was passed at once to make Camillus Dictator, an office to which Romans were elected upon great emergencies, and which gave them, for the time, absolute kingly control; and then Pontius, bearing the appointment, set off once again upon his mission, still under shelter of night, clambered down the rock, and crossed the Gallic camp before the barbarians were yet awake.

There was hope in the little garrison; but danger was not over. The sharp-eyed Gauls observed that the shrubs and creepers were broken, the moss frayed, and fresh stones and earth rolled down at the crag of the Capitol: they were sure that the rock had been climbed, and, therefore, that it might be climbed again. Should they, who were used to the snowy peaks, dark abysses, and huge glaciers of the Alps, be afraid to climb where a soft dweller in a tame Italian town could venture a passage? Brennus chose out the hardiest of his mountaineers, and directed them to climb up in the dead of night, one by one, in perfect silence, and thus to surprise the Romans, and complete the slaughter and

victory, before the forces assembling at Veii could come to their rescue.

Silently the Gauls climbed, so stilly that not even a dog heard them; and the sentinel nearest to the post, who had fallen into a dead sleep of exhaustion from hunger, never awoke. But the fatal stillness was suddenly broken by loud gabbling, cackling, and flapping of heavy wings. The sacred geese of Juno, which had been so religiously spared in the famine, were frightened by the rustling underneath, and proclaimed their terror in their own noisy fashion. The first to take the alarm was Marcus Manlius, who started forward just in time to meet the foremost climbers as they set foot on the rampart. One, who raised an axe to strike, lost his arm by one stroke of Manlius' short Roman sword; the next was by main strength hurled backwards over the precipice, and Manlius stood alone on the top, for a few moments, ready to strike the next who should struggle up. The whole of the garrison were in a few moments on the alert, and the attack was entirely repulsed; the sleeping sentry was cast headlong down the rock; and Manlius was brought, by each grateful soldier, that which was then most valuable to all, a little meal and a small measure of wine. Still, the condition of the Capitol was lamentable: there was no certainty that Pontius had ever reached Camillus in safety; and, indeed, the discovery of his path by the enemy would rather have led to the supposition that he

had been seized and detected. The best hope lay in wearying out the besiegers; and there seemed to be more chance of this, since the Gauls often could be seen from the heights, burying the corpses of their dead; their tall, bony forms looked gaunt and drooping, and, here and there, unburied carcases lay amongst the ruins. Nor were the flocks and herds any longer driven in from the country. Either all must have been exhausted, or else Camillus and his friends must be near, and preventing their raids. At any rate, it appeared as if the enemy was quite as ill off as to provisions as the garrison, and in worse condition as to health. In effect, this was the first example of the famous saying, that Rome destroys her conquerors. In this state of things one of the Romans had a dream that Jupiter, the special god of the Capitol, appeared to him, and gave the strange advice that all the remaining flour should be baked, and the loaves thrown down into the enemy's camp. Telling the dream, which may, perhaps, have been the shaping of his own thoughts, that this apparent waste would persuade the barbarians that the garrison could not soon be starved out, this person obtained the consent of the rest of the besieged. Some approved the stratagem, and no one chose to act contrary to Jupiter's supposed advice; so the bread was baked, and tossed down by the hungry men.

After a time, there was a report from the outer

guards that the Gallic watch had been telling them that their leader would be willing to speak with some of the Roman chiefs. Accordingly, Sulpitius, one of the tribunes, went out, and had a conference with Brennus, who declared that he would depart, provided the Romans would lay down a ransom, for their Capitol and their own lives, of a thousand pounds' weight of gold. To this Sulpitius agreed, and, returning to the Capitol, the gold was collected from the treasury, and carried down to meet the Gauls, who brought their own weights. The weights did not meet the amount of gold ornaments that had been contributed for the purpose, and no doubt the Gauls were resolved to have all that they beheld; for when Sulpitius was about to try to arrange the balance, Brennus insultingly threw his sword into his own scale, exclaiming, *Væ victis!* "Woe to the conquered!" The Roman was not yet fallen so low as not to remonstrate, and the dispute was waxing sharp, when there was a confused outcry in the Gallic camp, a shout from the heights of the Capitol, and into the midst of the open space rode a band of Roman patricians and knights in armour, with the Dictator Camillus at their head.

He no sooner saw what was passing, than he commanded the treasure to be taken back, and, turning to Brennus, said, "It is with iron, not gold, that Romans guard their country."

Brennus declared that the treaty had been sworn to, and that it would be a breach of faith

to deprive him of the ransom; to which Camillus replied, that he himself was Dictator, and no one had the power to make a treaty in his absence. The dispute was so hot, that they drew their swords against one another, and there was a skirmish among the ruins; but the Gauls soon fell back, and retreated to their camp, when they saw the main body of Camillus' army marching upon them. It was no less than 40,000 in number; and Brennus knew he could not withstand them with his broken, sickly army. He drew off early the next morning; but was followed by Camillus, and routed, with great slaughter, about eight miles from Rome; and very few of the Gauls lived to return home, for those who were not slain in battle were cut off in their flight by the country people, whom they had plundered.

In reward for their conduct on this occasion, Camillus was termed Romulus, Father of his Country, and Second Founder of Rome; Marcus Manlius received the honourable surname of Capitolinus; and even the geese were honoured by having a golden image raised to their honour in Juno's temple, and a live goose was yearly carried in triumph, upon a soft litter, in a golden cage, as long as any heathen festivals lasted. The reward of Pontius Cominius does not appear; but surely he, and the old senators who died for their country's sake, deserve to be for ever remembered for their brave contempt of life when a service could be done to the State.

The truth of the whole narrative is greatly doubted, and it is suspected that the Gallic conquest was more complete than the Romans ever chose to avow. Their history is far from clear up to this very epoch, when it is said that all their records were destroyed; but even when place and period are misty, great names and the main outline of their actions loom through the cloud, perhaps exaggerated, but still with some reality; and if the magnificent romance of the sack of Rome be not fact, yet it is certainly history, and well worthy of note and remembrance, as one of the finest extant traditions of a whole chain of Golden Deeds.

IV.

THE TWO FRIENDS OF SYRACUSE.

B.C. 380 (CIRCA).

IT seems strange at first, when we look at the position of Sicily on the map—just to the south of Italy, a mere broken-off bit of the Italian peninsula—to think that in its early days it was rather Greek than Roman; but we must remember that the Greeks were great colonists, and even in the days when Rome used to look to Sicily for her main supplies of wheat, the Greeks were already well established on its coasts. They built the splendid cities of Naxos and Syracuse, and laid the foundation of Greek learning and art in Sicily. And Sicily was worthy of such adornment, for nature had been very kind and bountiful to this beautiful island. No wonder, therefore, that romantic stories grew up round its early history. The presence of volcanoes gave rise to the story of the Cyclopes, with their chief, Polyphemus, those terrible one-eyed monsters of whom Homer tells us; the excellence of the crops led to its being thought that Sicily was under the special protection of Demeter (Ceres).[1]

But the Greeks were not the only settlers in Sicily. There were Phoenicians[2] from the coast of Syria, Carthaginians, an offshoot of the Phoenicians, from the ancient

[1] See note, p. 7, l. 26. [2] See note, p. 14, l. 11.

city of Carthage, said to have been founded by Dido for Aeneas, on the African side of the Mediterranean, and there were, of course, Romans. The first serious difficulties in Sicily occurred through the rivalry of the Greeks and the Carthaginians ; and it was during one of these wars that Dionysius got himself made general of the Syracusans and used the bodyguard which they gave him to seize the position of 'tyrant,' *i.e.* despotic ruler, thus taking permanently the power that the Romans gave to their dictator during a time of peril only.

The story of the beautiful friendship between Damon and Pythias, or Phintias, as he ought really to be called, reminds us of many other faithful friendships recorded in ancient times ; there were, for instance, the two brothers Castor and Pollux, the "Heavenly Twins," Aeneas and his fidus Achatës, Achilles and Patroclus, David and Jonathan, and many others. It would be interesting to see whether, in more modern times, we could find friendships to equal these.

MOST of the best and noblest of the Greeks held what was called the Pythagorean philosophy. This was one of the many systems framed by the great men of heathenism, when by the feeble light of nature they were, as St. Paul says, "seeking after God, if haply they might feel after Him," like men groping in the darkness. Pythagoras lived before the time of history, and almost nothing is known about him, though his teaching and his name were never lost. There is a belief that he had travelled in the East, and in Egypt, and as he lived about the time of the dispersion of the

Israelites, it is possible that some of his purest and best teaching might have been crumbs gathered from their fuller instruction through the Law and the Prophets. One thing is plain, that even in dealing with heathenism the Divine rule holds good, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Golden Deeds are only to be found among men whose belief is earnest and sincere, and in something really high and noble. Where there was nothing worshipped but savage or impure power, and the very form of adoration was cruel and unclean, as among the Canaanites and Carthaginians, there we find no true self-devotion. The great deeds of the heathen world were all done by early Greeks and Romans before yet the last gleams of purer light had faded out of their belief, and while their moral sense still nerved them to energy; or else by such later Greeks as had embraced the deeper and more earnest yearnings of the minds that had become a "law unto themselves."

The Pythagoreans were bound together in a brotherhood, the members of which had rules that are now not understood, but which linked them so as to form a sort of club, with common religious observances and pursuits of science, especially mathematics and music. And they were taught to restrain their passions, especially that of anger, and to endure with patience all kinds of suffering; believing that such self-restraint brought them nearer to the gods, and that death would set them

free from the prison of the body. The souls of evil-doers would, they thought, pass into the lower and more degraded animals, while those of good men would be gradually purified, and rise to a higher existence. This, though lamentably deficient, and false in some points, was a real religion, inasmuch as it gave a rule of life, with a motive for striving for wisdom and virtue. Two friends of this Pythagorean sect lived at Syracuse, in the end of the fourth century before the Christian era. Syracuse was a great Greek city, built in Sicily, and full of all kinds of Greek art and learning; but it was a place of danger in their time, for it had fallen under the tyranny of a man of strange and capricious temper, though of great abilities, namely Dionysius. He is said to have been originally only a clerk in a public office, but his talents raised him to continually higher situations, and at length, in a great war with the Carthaginians, who had many settlements in Sicily, he became general of the army, and then found it easy to establish his power over the city.

This power was not according to the laws, for Syracuse, like most other cities, ought to have been governed by a council of magistrates; but Dionysius was an exceedingly able man, and made the city much more rich and powerful, he defeated the Carthaginians, and rendered Syracuse by far the chief city in the island, and he contrived to make every one so much afraid of him that no one durst attempt to overthrow his power. He

was a good scholar, and very fond of philosophy and poetry, and he delighted to have learned men around him, and he had naturally a generous spirit; but the sense that he was in a position that did not belong to him, and that every one hated him for assuming it, made him very harsh and suspicious. It is of him that the story is told, that he had a chamber hollowed in the rock near his state prison, and constructed with galleries to conduct sounds like an ear, so that he might overhear the conversation of his captives; and of him, too, is told that famous anecdote which has become a proverb, that on hearing a friend, named Damocles, express a wish to be in his situation for a single day, he took him at his word, and Damocles found himself at a banquet with everything that could delight his senses, delicious food, costly wine, flowers, perfumes, music; but with a sword with the point almost touching his head, and hanging by a single horsehair! This was to show the condition in which a usurper lived!

Thus Dionysius was in constant dread. He had a wide trench round his bedroom, with a drawbridge that he drew up and put down with his own hands; and he put one barber to death for boasting that he held a razor to the tyrant's throat every morning. After this he made his young daughters shave him; but by-and-by he would not trust them with a razor, and caused them to singe off his beard with hot nut-shells! He was said to have put a man named Antiphon

to death for answering him, when he asked what was the best kind of brass, "That of which the statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton were made." These were the two Athenians who had killed the sons of Pisistratus the tyrant, so that the jest was most offensive, but its boldness might have gained forgiveness for it. One philosopher, named Philoxenus, he sent to a dungeon for finding fault with his poetry, but he afterwards composed another piece, which he thought so superior, that he could not be content without sending for this adverse critic to hear it. When he had finished reading it, he looked to Philoxenus for a compliment; but the philosopher only turned round to the guards, and said dryly, "Carry me back to prison." This time Dionysius had the sense to laugh, and forgive his honesty.

All these stories may not be true; but that they should have been current in the ancient world shows what was the character of the man of whom they were told, how stern and terrible was his anger, and how easily it was incurred. Amongst those who came under it was a Pythagorean called Pythias, who was sentenced to death, according to the usual fate of those who fell under his suspicion.

Pythias had lands and relations in Greece, and he entreated as a favour to be allowed to return thither and arrange his affairs, engaging to return within a specified time to suffer death. The tyrant laughed his request to scorn. Once safe out of

Sicily, who would answer for his return? Pythias made reply that he had a friend, who would become security for his return; and while Dionysius, the miserable man who trusted nobody, was ready to scoff at his simplicity, another Pythagorean, by name Damon, came forward, and offered to become surety for his friend, engaging if Pythias did not return according to promise, to suffer death in his stead.

Dionysius, much astonished, consented to let Pythias go, marvelling what would be the issue of the affair. Time went on, and Pythias did not appear. The Syracusans watched Damon, but he showed no uneasiness. He said he was secure of his friend's truth and honour, and that if any accident had caused the delay of his return, he should rejoice in dying to save the life of one so dear to him.

Even to the last day Damon continued serene and content, however it might fall out; nay, even when the very hour drew nigh and still no Pythias. His trust was so perfect, that he did not even grieve at having to die for a faithless friend who had left him to the fate to which he had unwarily pledged himself. It was not Pythias' own will, but the winds and waves, so he still declared, when the decree was brought and the instruments of death made ready. The hour had come, and a few moments more would have ended Damon's life, when Pythias duly presented himself, embraced his friend, and stood forward himself to receive his

sentence, calm, resolute, and rejoiced that he had come in time.

Even the dim hope they owned of a future state was enough to make these two brave men keep their word, and confront death for one another without quailing. Dionysius looked on more struck than ever. He felt that neither of such men must die. He reversed the sentence of Pythias, and calling the two to his judgment-seat, he entreated them to admit him as a third in their friendship. Yet all the time he must have known it was a mockery that he should ever be such as they were to each other—he who had lost the very power of trusting, and constantly sacrificed others to secure his own life, whilst they counted not their lives dear to them in comparison with their truth to their word, and love to one another. No wonder that Damon and Pythias have become such a by-word that they seem too well known to have their story told here, except that a name in every one's mouth sometimes seems to be mentioned by those who have forgotten or never heard the tale attached to it.

V.

THE KEYS OF CALAIS.

1347.

IT is not every age nor every country that has a Plutarch to write biographies of its illustrious men as Plutarch did for Greece and Rome, but occasionally we come across a historian who is at the same time a born story-teller like Plutarch himself. Perhaps next to Sir Thomas Malory,[1] who gave us the enchanting romance of King Arthur, we should place among the first of such historians the chivalrous and courtly Chevalier Jean (Sir John) Froissart.

Froissart did not gather together the stories and legends of another age, like Plutarch or Malory, but he wrote of what he himself saw and heard. The wars of Edward III. would be robbed of more than half their glory if there had been no Froissart to write about the "triumphant flower . . . of this noble realm of England." Perhaps it was his father's profession of painter of armorial bearings that gave him his splendid sense of colour and of all that was stately and chivalrous. His chronicles are like a picture, glowing with rich colours and magnificent figures; kings and queens, princes and ladies, knights and squires move in procession before our eyes

[1] Reign of Edward IV.: the *Morte d'Arthur* was one of Caxton's first printed works.

as the canvas is unrolled before us, and with them all we see the artist himself. Now he is in France, now in England, again in Flanders, in Scotland, living in the castles he writes about, seeing the doughty deeds he describes. He was the protégé of kings and queens, but the life of a courtier did not spoil him. He could admire the heroism of a simple yeoman as much as that of the glorious Black Prince himself; and when he tells us of Crecy, we see, not only the young prince winning his spurs of gold, but also the firm solid lines of brave English archers on whom the glory and success of the day depended.

Froissart's chronicle takes in the period from 1326 to 1400[1]; it includes the naval battle of Sluys, the battle of Crecy, the battle of Neville's Cross, the Siege of Calais, the exploits of the Black Prince in Aquitaine, the period of decline under Richard II., and it falls short, by fifteen years, of the renewed glory of English arms in the great battle of Agincourt, 1415.

Froissart has much to tell us about that splendid queen, Philippa of Hainault, wife of Edward III., one of the best beloved queen-consorts in history. Majestic of form, fair of face, strong in character, it was she who kept the imperious temper of Edward in check, not only before Calais, but on many other occasions. "Tall and upright," says Froissart, "wise, gay, humble, pious, liberal and courteous, decked and adorned in her time with all noble virtues, beloved of God and of mankind; and so long as she lived the kingdom of England had favour, prosperity, honour and every sort of good fortune." This magnificent eulogy is borne out by fact. Coming to England as a mere girl, in exceptionally trying circumstances, for Edward was still under the influence of his mother and Mortimer, she shaped her life to the needs

[1] Year of Chaucer's death.

of her position. Well might she have as her motto "I wrought much."

The citizens of Bristol[1] and Norwich hold her to this day in grateful memory, for it was she who worked so hard to establish their woollen trade by the introduction of Flemish weavers and dyers who taught their art to the Englishmen;[2] it was she who opened up the coal mines in England, and in every way she encouraged the commercial expansion of England.

But she was not only interested in practical affairs; her keen intellect could appreciate Froissart; she was the friend of Chaucer; she was the patroness, if not the actual founder, of Queen's College, Oxford. In fact, she was a veritable mother to her people. "I firmly believe," says Froissart, in his quaint fashion, speaking of her death, "that her spirit was caught by holy angels and carried to the glory of heaven, for she had never done anything by thought or deed to endanger her soul."

Froissart's bulky volumes cannot find a place in every home library; but there is a delightful illustrated edition of some of the stories, edited by Henry Newbolt, which everyone would do well to read.

Much also can be learnt about good Queen Philippa in Agnes Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England.*

NOWHERE does the continent of Europe approach Great Britain so closely as at the Straits of Dover, and when our sovereigns were full of the vain hope of obtaining the crown of France, or at least of regaining the

[1] There is a bust of the queen over the Triforium in Bristol Cathedral.

[2] There is a fine painting by Ford Madox Brown in the Manchester Town Hall illustrating the introduction of the Flemish weavers.

great possessions that their forefathers had owned as French nobles, there was no spot so coveted by them as the fortress of Calais, the possession of which gave an entrance into France.

Thus it was that when, in 1346, Edward III. had beaten Philippe VI. at the battle of Crecy, the first use he made of his victory was to march upon Calais, and lay siege to it. The walls were exceedingly strong and solid, mighty defences of masonry, of huge thickness and like rocks for solidity, guarded it, and the king knew that it would be useless to attempt a direct assault. Indeed, during all the middle ages, the modes of protecting fortifications were far more efficient than the modes of attacking them. The walls could be made enormously massive, the towers raised to a great height, and the defenders so completely sheltered by battlements that they could not easily be injured, and could take aim from the top of their turrets, or from their loop-hole windows. The gates had absolute little castles of their own, a moat flowed round the walls full of water, and only capable of being crossed by a drawbridge, behind which the port-cullis, a grating armed beneath with spikes, was always ready to drop from the archway of the gate and close up the entrance. The only chance of taking a fortress by direct attack was to fill up the moat with earth and faggots, and then raise ladders against the walls; or else to drive engines against the defences, battering-rams which

struck them with heavy beams, mangonels which launched stones, sows whose arched wooden backs protected troops of workmen who tried to undermine the wall, and moving towers consisting of a succession of stages or shelves, filled with soldiers, and with a bridge with iron hooks, capable of being launched from the highest storey to the top of the battlements. The besieged could generally disconcert the battering-ram by hanging beds or mattresses over the walls to receive the brunt of the blow, the sows could be crushed with heavy stones, the towers burnt by well directed flaming missiles, the ladders overthrown, and in general the besiegers suffered a great deal more damage than they could inflict. Cannon had indeed just been brought into use at the battle of Crecy, but they only consisted of iron bars fastened together with hoops, and were as yet of little use, and thus there seemed to be little danger to a well guarded city from any enemy outside the walls.

King Edward arrived before the place with all his victorious army early in August, his good knights and squires arrayed in glittering steel armour, covered with surcoats richly embroidered with their heraldic bearings; his stout men-at-arms, each of whom was attended by three bold followers; and his archers, with their cross-bows to shoot bolts, and long-bows to shoot arrows of a yard long, so that it used to be said that each went into battle with three men's lives under his

girdle, namely the three arrows he kept there ready to his hand. With the king was his son, Edward, Prince of Wales, who had just won the golden spurs of knighthood so gallantly at Crecy, when only in his seventeenth year, and likewise the famous Hainault knight, Sir Walter Mauny, and all that was noblest and bravest in England.

This whole glittering army, at their head the king's great royal standard bearing the golden lilies of France quartered with the lions of England, and each troop guided by the square banner, swallow-tailed pennon or pointed pennoncel of their leader, came marching to the gates of Calais, above which floated the blue standard of France with its golden flowers, and with it the banner of the governor, Sir Jean de Vienne. A herald, in a rich long robe embroidered with the arms of England, rode up to the gate, a trumpet sounding before him, and called upon Sir Jean de Vienne to give up the place to Edward, King of England, and of France, as he claimed to be. Sir Jean made answer that he held the town for Philippe, King of France, and that he would defend it to the last; the herald rode back again and the English began the siege of the city.

At first they only encamped, and the people of Calais must have seen the whole plain covered with the white canvas tents, marshalled round the ensigns of the leaders, and here and there a more gorgeous one displaying the colours of the

owner. Still there was no attack upon the walls. The warriors were to be seen walking about in the leathern suits they wore under their armour; or if a party was to be seen with their coats of mail on, helmet on head, and lance in hand, it was not against Calais that they came; they rode out into the country, and by and by might be seen driving back before them herds of cattle and flocks of sheep or pigs that they had seized and taken away from the poor peasants; and at night the sky would show red lights where farms and homesteads had been set on fire. After a time, in front of the tents, the English were to be seen hard at work with beams and boards, setting up huts for themselves, and thatching them over with straw or broom. These wooden houses were all ranged in regular streets, and there was a market-place in the midst, whither every Saturday came farmers and butchers to sell corn and meat, and hay for the horses; and the English merchants and Flemish weavers would come by sea and by land to bring cloth, bread, weapons, and everything that could be needed to be sold in this warlike market.

The Governor, Sir Jean de Vienne, began to perceive that the King did not mean to waste his men by making vain attacks on the strong walls of Calais. but to shut up the entrance by land, and watch the coast by sea so as to prevent any provisions from being taken in, and so to starve him into surrendering. Sir Jean de Vienne, however,

hoped that before he should be entirely reduced by famine, the King of France would be able to get together another army and come to his relief, and at any rate he was determined to do his duty, and hold out for his master to the last. But as food was already beginning to grow scarce, he was obliged to turn out such persons as could not fight and had no stores of their own, and so one Wednesday morning he caused all the poor to be brought together, men, women, and children, and sent them all out of the town, to the number of 1700. It was probably the truest mercy, for he had no food to give them, and they could only have starved miserably within the town, or have hindered him from saving it for his sovereign; but to them it was dreadful to be driven out of house and home, straight down upon the enemy, and they went along weeping and wailing, till the English soldiers met them and asked why they had come out. They answered that they had been put out because they had nothing to eat, and their sorrowful, famished looks gained pity for them. King Edward sent orders that not only should they go safely through his camp, but that they should all rest, and have the first hearty dinner that they had eaten for many a day, and he sent every one a small sum of money before they left the camp, so that many of them went on their way praying aloud for the enemy who had been so kind to them.

A great deal happened whilst King Edward

kept watch in his wooden town and the citizens of Calais guarded their walls. England was invaded by King David II. of Scotland, with a great army, and the good Queen Philippa, who was left to govern at home in the name of her little son Lionel, assembled all the forces that were left at home, and sent them to meet him. And one autumn day, a ship crossed the Straits of Dover, and a messenger brought King Edward letters from his Queen to say that the Scots army had been entirely defeated at Nevil's Cross, near Durham, and that their King was a prisoner, but that he had been taken by a squire named John Copeland, who would not give him up to her.

King Edward sent letters to John Copeland to come to him at Calais, and when the squire had made his journey, the King took him by the hand saying, "Ha! welcome, my squire, who by his valour has captured our adversary the King of Scotland."

Copeland, falling on one knee, replied, "If God, out of His great kindness, has given me the King of Scotland, no one ought to be jealous of it, for God can, when He pleases, send His grace to a poor squire as well as to a great Lord. Sir, do not take it amiss if I did not surrender him to the orders of my lady the Queen, for I hold my lands of you, and my oath is to you, not to her."

The King was not displeased with his squire's sturdiness, but made him a knight, gave him a pension of 500*l.* a year, and desired him to

surrender his prisoner to the Queen, as his own representative. This was accordingly done, and King David was lodged in the Tower of London. Soon after, three days before All Saints' Day, there was a large and gay fleet to be seen crossing from the white cliffs of Dover, and the King, his son, and his knights rode down to the landing-place to welcome plump, fair-haired Queen Philippa, and all her train of ladies, who had come in great numbers to visit their husbands, fathers, or brothers in the wooden town. Then there was a great court, and numerous feasts and dances, and the knights and squires were constantly striving who could do the bravest deed of prowess to please the ladies. The King of France had placed numerous knights and men-at-arms in the neighbouring towns and castles, and there were constant fights whenever the English went out foraging, and many bold deeds that were much admired were done. The great point was to keep provisions out of the town, and there was much fighting between the French who tried to bring in supplies, and the English who intercepted them. Very little was brought in by land, and Sir Jean de Vienne and his garrison would have been quite starved but for two sailors of Abbeville, named Marant and Mestriel, who knew the coast thoroughly, and often, in the dark autumn evenings, would guide in a whole fleet of little boats, loaded with bread and meat for the starving men within the city. They were often chased by King Edward's vessels,

and were sometimes very nearly taken, but they always managed to escape, and thus they still enabled the garrison to hold out.

So all the winter passed, Christmas was kept with brilliant feastings and high merriment by the King and his Queen in their wooden palace outside, and with lean cheeks and scanty fare by the besieged within. Lent was strictly observed perforce by the besieged, and Easter brought a betrothal in the English camp; a very unwilling one on the part of the bridegroom, the young Count of Flanders, who loved the French much better than the English, and had only been tormented into giving his consent by his unruly vassals because they depended on the wool of English sheep for their cloth works. So, though King Edward's daughter Isabel was a beautiful fair-haired girl of fifteen, the young Count would scarcely look at her; and in the last week before the marriage day, while her robes and her jewels were being prepared, and her father and mother were arranging the presents they should make to all their court on the wedding-day, the bridegroom, when out hawking, gave his attendants the slip, and galloped off to Paris, where he was welcomed by King Philippe.

This made Edward very wrathful, and more than ever determined to take Calais. About Whitsuntide he completed a great wooden castle upon the sea-shore, and placed in it numerous warlike engines, with forty men-at-arms and 200 archers,

who kept such a watch upon the harbour that not even the two Abbeville sailors could enter it, without having their boats crushed and sunk by the great stones that the mangonels launched upon them. The townspeople began to feel what hunger really was, but their spirits were kept up by the hope that their King was at last collecting an army for their rescue.

And Philippe did collect all his forces, a great and noble army, and came one night to the hill of Sangate, just behind the English army, the knights' armour glancing and their pennons flying in the moonlight, so as to be a beautiful sight to the hungry garrison who could see the white tents pitched upon the hill-side. Still there were but two roads by which the French could reach their friends in the town—one along the sea-coast, the other by a marshy road higher up the country, and there was but one bridge by which the river could be crossed. The English King's fleet could prevent any troops from passing along the coast road, the Earl of Derby guarded the bridge, and there was a great tower, strongly fortified, close upon Calais. There were a few skirmishes, but the French King, finding it difficult to force his way to relieve the town, sent a party of knights with a challenge to King Edward to come out of his camp and do battle upon a fair field.

To this Edward made answer, that he had been nearly a year before Calais, and had spent large sums of money on the siege, and that he had

nearly become master of the place, so that he had no intention of coming out only to gratify his adversary, who must try some other road if he could not make his way in by that before him.

Three days were spent in parleys, and then, without the slightest effort to rescue the brave, patient men within the town, away went King Philippe of France, with all his men, and the garrison saw the host that had crowded the hill of Sangate melt away like a summer cloud.

August had come again, and they had suffered privation for a whole year for the sake of the King who deserted them at their utmost need. They were in so grievous a state of hunger and distress that the hardiest could endure no more, for ever since Whitsuntide no fresh provisions had reached them. The Governor, therefore, went to the battlements and made signs that he wished to hold a parley, and the King appointed Lord Basset and Sir Walter Mauny to meet him, and appoint the terms of surrender.

The Governor owned that the garrison was reduced to the greatest extremity of distress, and requested that the King would be contented with obtaining the city and fortress, leaving the soldiers and inhabitants to depart in peace.

But Sir Walter Mauny was forced to make answer that the King, his lord, was so much enraged at the delay and expense that Calais had cost him, that he would only consent to receive the whole on unconditional terms, leaving him

free to slay, or to ransom, or make prisoners whomsoever he pleased, and he was known to consider that there was a heavy reckoning to pay, both for the trouble the siege had cost him and the damage the Calesians had previously done to his ships.

The brave answer was: "These conditions are too hard for us. We are but a small number of knights and squires, who have loyally served our lord and master as you would have done, and have suffered much ill and disquiet, but we will endure far more than any man has done in such a post, before we consent that the smallest boy in the town shall fare worse than ourselves. I therefore entreat you, for pity's sake, to return to the King and beg him to have compassion, for I have such an opinion of his gallantry that I think he will alter his mind."

The King's mind seemed, however, sternly made up; and all that Sir Walter Mauny and the barons of the council could obtain from him was that he would pardon the garrison and townsmen on condition that six of the chief citizens should present themselves to him, coming forth with bare feet and heads, with halters round their necks, carrying the keys of the town, and becoming absolutely his own to punish for their obstinacy as he should think fit.

On hearing this reply, Sir Jean de Vienne begged Sir Walter Mauny to wait till he could consult the citizens, and, repairing to the market-

place, he caused a great bell to be rung, at sound of which all the inhabitants came together to the town-hall. When he told them of these hard terms he could not refrain from weeping bitterly, and wailing and lamentation arose all round him. Should all starve together, or sacrifice their best and most honoured after all suffering in common so long?

Then a voice was heard: it was that of the richest burgher in the town, Eustache de St. Pierre. "Messieurs, high and low," he said, "it would be a sad pity to suffer so many people to die through hunger, if it could be prevented; and to hinder it would be meritorious in the eyes of our Saviour. I have such faith and trust in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I name myself as first of the six."

As the burgher ceased, his fellow-townsmen wept aloud, and many, amid tears and groans, threw themselves at his feet in a transport of grief and gratitude. Another citizen, very rich and respected, rose up and said, "I will be second to my comrade, Eustache." His name was Jean Daire. After him, Jacques Wissant, another very rich man, offered himself as companion to these, who were both his cousins; and his brother Pierre would not be left behind: and two more, unnamed, made up this gallant band of men willing to offer their lives for the rescue of their fellow-townsmen.

Sir Jean de Vienne mounted a little horse—for he had been wounded, and was still lame—and

came to the gate with them, followed by all the people of the town, weeping and wailing, yet, for their own sakes and their children's, not daring to prevent the sacrifice. The gates were opened, the governor and the six passed out, and the gates were again shut behind them. Sir Jean then rode up to Sir Walter Mauny, and told him how these burghers had voluntarily offered themselves, begging him to do all in his power to save them; and Sir Walter promised with his whole heart to plead their cause. De Vienne then went back into the town, full of heaviness and anxiety; and the six citizens were led by Sir Walter to the presence of the King, in his full court. They all knelt down, and the foremost said: "Most gallant King, you see before you six burghers of Calais, who have all been capital merchants, and who bring you the keys of the castle and town. We yield ourselves to your absolute will and pleasure, in order to save the remainder of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, out of your nobleness of mind, to have pity on us."

Strong emotion was excited among all the barons and knights who stood round, as they saw the resigned countenances, pale and thin with patiently-endured hunger, of these venerable men, offering themselves in the cause of their fellow-townsmen. Many tears of pity were shed; but the King still showed himself implacable, and commanded that they should be led away, and

their heads stricken off. Sir Walter Mauny interceded for them with all his might, even telling the King that such an execution would tarnish his honour, and that reprisals would be made on his own garrisons; and all the nobles joined in entreating pardon for the citizens, but still without effect; and the headsman had been actually sent for, when Queen Philippa, her eyes streaming with tears, threw herself on her knees amongst the captives, and said, "Ah, gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea, with much danger, to see you, I have never asked you one favour; now I beg as a boon to myself, for the sake of the Son of the Blessed Mary, and for your love to me, that you will be merciful to these men!"

For some time the King looked at her in silence; then he exclaimed: "Dame, dame, would that you had been anywhere than here! You have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you; I therefore give these men to you, to do as you please with."

Joyfully did Queen Philippa conduct the six citizens to her own apartments, where she made them welcome, sent them new garments, entertained them with a plentiful dinner, and dismissed them each with a gift of six nobles. After this, Sir Walter Mauny entered the city, and took possession of it; retaining Sir Jean de Vienne and the other knights and squires till they should ransom themselves, and sending out the old French inhabitants; for the King was resolved to people

the city entirely with English, in order to gain a thoroughly strong hold of this first step in France.

The King and Queen took up their abode in the city; and the houses of Jean Daire were, it appears, granted to the Queen—perhaps, because she considered the man himself as her charge, and wished to secure them for him—and her little daughter Margaret was, shortly after, born in one of his houses. Eustache de St. Pierre was taken into high favour, and was placed in charge of the new citizens whom the King placed in the city.

Indeed, as this story is told by no chronicler but Froissart, some have doubted of it, and thought the violent resentment thus imputed to Edward III. inconsistent with his general character; but it is evident that the men of Calais had given him strong provocation by attacks on his shipping—piracies which are not easily forgiven—and that he considered that he had a right to make an example of them. It is not unlikely that he might, after all, have intended to forgive them, and have given the Queen the grace of obtaining their pardon, so as to excuse himself from the fulfilment of some over-hasty threat. But, however this may have been, nothing can lessen the glory of the six grave and patient men who went forth, by their own free will, to meet what might be a cruel and disgraceful death, in order to obtain the safety of their fellow-townsmen.

Very recently, in the summer of 1864, an instance has occurred of self-devotion worthy to be

recorded with that of Eustache de St. Pierre. The City of Palmyra, in Tennessee, one of the Southern States of America, had been occupied by a Federal army. An officer of this army was assassinated and, on the cruel and mistaken system of taking reprisals, the general arrested ten of the principal inhabitants, and condemned them to be shot, as deeming the city responsible for the lives of his officers. One of them was the highly respected father of a large family, and could ill be spared. A young man, not related to him, upon this, came forward and insisted on being taken in his stead, as a less valuable life. And great as was the distress of his friend, this generous substitution was carried out, and not only spared a father to his children, but showed how the sharpest strokes of barbarity can still elicit light from the dark stone —light that but for these blows might have slept unseen.

VI.

THE CARNIVAL OF PERTH.

1435.

IN the last story we were told how King David II. of Scotland (son of Robert Bruce) took advantage of Edward III.'s absence in France to renew the war with England, and how he was defeated and taken a prisoner at Neville's Cross. He remained eleven years a captive in England, but he does not seem to have been very unhappy. At the end of that time, a ransom was paid for him, he was married to an English princess, Joanna, daughter of Edward II., and sent back to Scotland, where, however, he does not seem to have been much wanted. He had no children, so that, when he died, the throne passed to his sister's son, Robert II., *the first king of the house of Stuart.*[1]

Robert succeeded while Edward III. was still king of England; he died during the reign of Richard II., and was succeeded by his son, Robert III. It was this Robert's son, James, whose terrible murder is described in the Carnival of Perth. England and Scotland had been at war with one another, off and on, throughout this period, but under Richard II. and his successor Henry IV. little was really done to advance the English claim on Scotland.

[1] So called because his father had been Lord High Steward of Scotland.

Good luck, however, threw the heir to the Scottish throne into the hands of King Henry IV. Poor Robert III. had had a very troubled and disordered reign, his sorrows culminating in the murder of his eldest son. To save the second boy James—now heir—from so sad a fate, he decided to send him, when he was about eleven years old, to France to be educated. Henry IV. got to know of the plan, had the young prince waylaid and brought, a prisoner, to England. The news broke poor King Robert's heart, and he died soon afterwards.

Scotland, with its young king a prisoner in England, had to be placed under a regency; the regent appointed was the old king's brother, Albany, he who had murdered the Scottish heir! Young James was kept a prisoner in England for 18 years. Henry was very kind to him, and educated him well; he was really only a prisoner in name. While in England he fell in love, like a former captive king of Scotland, with an English princess called Joanna, or Jane. This princess was one of the Beauforts, a great-grand-daughter of Edward III., through his son John of Gaunt.

In her honour, the young king wrote a beautiful poem called the *King's Quair* (*i.e.* the king's quire or book) and when he was at last liberated, he married this lady and went back to Scotland, hoping to have a wise, prosperous and happy reign, for he was a good young prince, full of noble ideas. But you can easily imagine the state of Scotland when you remember the unscrupulous character of the first regent. James set to work to evolve order out of disorder. We must remember that the age in which he lived was not remarkable for its mercy towards an enemy. His vigour led him into harshness and cruelty, with the result that the conspiracy was formed which lost him his life. The king, as you will read for yourselves in the story of the Carnival, was murdered, but his wife's life was spared. Later on, she

had her revenge, and a terrible one. The murderers were pursued, and one by one they fell into her hands; they were put to death with all the barbarity devised by a truly barbarous age.

Sir Walter Scott, in his *Tales of a Grandfather*, gives us a graphic account of all these doings, and the artist-poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in his fine poem, *The King's Tragedy*, puts the story into a noble ballad, not readily forgotten.

Catherine Douglas' noble deed, in putting her arm through the staples of the door, has formed the subject of more than one picture.

IT was bed-time, and the old vaulted chambers of the Dominican monastery at Perth echoed with sounds that would seem incongruous in such a home of austerity, but that the disturbed state of Scotland rendered it the habit of her kings to attach their palaces to convents, that they themselves might benefit by the "peace of the Church," which was in general accorded to all sacred spots.

Thus it was that Christmas and Carnival time of 1435-6 had been spent by the Court in the cloisters of Perth, and the dance, the song, and the tourney had strangely contrasted with the grave and self-denying habits to which the Dominicans were devoted in their neighbouring cells. The festive season was nearly at an end, for it was the 20th of February; but the evening had been more than usually gay, and had been spent in games at chess, tables, or backgammon,

reading romances of chivalry, harping and singing. King James himself, brave and handsome, and in the prime of life, was the blithest of the whole joyous party. He was the most accomplished man in his dominions; for though he had been basely kept a prisoner at Windsor throughout his boyhood by Henry IV. of England, an education had been bestowed on him far above what he would have otherwise obtained; and he was naturally a man of great ability, refinement, and strength of character. Not only was he a perfect knight on horseback, but in wrestling and running, throwing the hammer, and "putting the stane," he had scarcely a rival, and he was skilled in all the learned lore of the time, wrote poetry, composed music both sacred and profane, and was a complete minstrel, able to sing beautifully and to play on the harp and organ. His Queen, the beautiful Joan Beaufort, had been the lady of his minstrelsy in the days of his captivity, ever since he had watched her walking on the slopes of Windsor Park, and wooed her in verses that are still preserved. They had now been eleven years married, and their court was one bright spot of civilization, refinement, and grace, amid the savagery of Scotland. And now, after the pleasant social evening, the Queen, with her long fair hair unbound, was sitting under the hands of her tire-women, who were preparing her for the night's rest; and the King, in his furred night-gown, was standing before the bright fire on the

hearth of the wide chimney, laughing and talking with the attendant ladies.

Yet dark hints had already been whispered, which might have cast a shadow over that careless mirth. Always fierce and vindictive, the Scots had been growing more and more lawless and savage ever since the disputed succession of Bruce and Balliol had unsettled all royal authority, and led to one perpetual war with the English. The twenty years of James's captivity had been the worst of all—almost every noble was a robber chief; Scottish Borderer preyed upon English Borderer, Highlander upon Lowlander, knight upon traveller, every one who had armour upon him who had not; each clan was at deadly feud with its neighbour; blood was shed like water from end to end of the miserable land, and the higher the birth of the offender the greater the impunity he claimed.

Indeed, James himself had been brought next to the throne by one of the most savage and horrible murders ever perpetrated—that of his elder brother, David, by his own uncle; and he himself had probably been only saved from sharing the like fate by being sent out of the kingdom. His earnest words on his return to take the rule of this unhappy realm were these: "Let God but grant me life, and there shall not be a spot in my realm where the key shall not keep the castle, and the bracken bush the cow, though I should lead the life of a dog to accomplish it."

This great purpose had been before James through the eleven years of his reign, and he had worked it out resolutely. The lawless nobles would not brook his ruling hand, and strong and bitter was the hatred that had arisen against him. In many of his transactions he was far from blameless: he was sometimes tempted to craft, sometimes to tyranny; but his object was always a high and kingly one, though he was led by the horrible wickedness of the men he had to deal with more than once to forget that evil is not to be overcome with evil, but with good. In the main, it was high and uncompromising resolution to enforce the laws upon high and low alike that led to the nobles' conspiracies against him; though, if he had always been true to his purpose of swerving neither to the right nor the left, he might have avoided the last fatal offence that armed the murderer against his life.

The chief misdoers in the long period of anarchy had been his uncles and cousins; nor was it till after his eldest uncle's death that his return home had been possible. With a strong hand had he avenged upon the princes and their followers the many miseries they had inflicted upon his people; and in carrying out these measures he had seized upon the great earldom of Strathern, which had descended to one of their party in right of his wife, declaring that it could not be inherited by a female. In this he appears to have acted unjustly, from the strong desire to avail himself by any

pretext of an opportunity of breaking the overweening power of the great turbulent nobles ; and, to make up for the loss, he created the new earldom of Menteith, for the young Malise Graham, the son of the dispossessed earl. But the proud and vindictive Grahams were not thus to be pacified. Sir Robert Graham, the uncle of the young earl, drew off into the Highlands, and there formed a conspiracy among other discontented men who hated the resolute government that repressed their violence. Men of princely blood joined in the plot, and 300 Highland catherans were ready to accompany the expedition that promised the delights of war and plunder.

Even when the hard-worked king was setting forth to enjoy his holiday at Perth, the traitors had fixed upon that spot as the place of his doom; but the scheme was known to so many, that it could not be kept entirely secret, and warnings began to gather round the king. When, on his way to Perth, he was about to cross the Firth of Forth, the wild figure of a Highland woman appeared at his bridle rein, and solemnly warned him that, if he crossed that water, he would never return alive. He was struck by the apparition, and bade one of his knights to inquire of her what she meant ; but the knight must have been a dullard or a traitor, for he told the king that the woman was either mad or drunk, and no notice was taken of her warning.

There was likewise a saying abroad in Scotland,

that the new year, 1436, should see the death of a king; and this same carnival night, James, while playing at chess with a young friend, whom he was wont to call the king of love, laughingly observed that "it must be you or I, since there are but two kings in Scotland—therefore, look well to yourself."

Little did the blithe monarch guess that at that moment one of the conspirators, touched by a moment's misgiving, was hovering round, seeking in vain for an opportunity of giving him warning; that even then his chamberlain and kinsman, Sir Robert Stewart, was enabling the traitors to place boards across the moat for their passage, and to remove the bolts and bars of all the doors in their way. And the Highland woman was at the door, earnestly entreating to see the King, if but for one moment! The message was even brought to him, but, alas! he bade her wait till the morrow, and she turned away, declaring that she should never more see his face!

And now, as before said, the feast was over, and the King stood, gaily chatting with his wife and her ladies, when the clang of arms was heard, and the glare of torches in the court below flashed on the windows. The ladies flew to secure the doors. Alas! the bolts and bars were gone! Too late the warnings returned upon the King's mind, and he knew it was he alone who was sought. He tried to escape by the windows, but here the bars were but too firm. Then he seized

the tongs, and tore up a board in the floor, by which he let himself down into the vault below, just as the murderers came rushing along the passage, slaying on their way a page named Walter Straiton.

There was no bar to the door. Yes there was. Catherine Douglas, worthy of her name, worthy of the cognisance of the bleeding heart, thrust her arm through the empty staples to gain for her sovereign a few moments more for escape and safety! But though true as steel, the brave arm was not as strong. It was quickly broken. She was thrust fainting aside, and the ruffians rushed in. Queen Joan stood in the midst of the room, with her hair streaming round her, and her mantle thrown hastily on. Some of the wretches even struck and wounded her, but Graham called them off, and bade them search for the King. They sought him in vain in every corner of the women's apartments, and dispersed through the other rooms in search of their prey. The ladies began to hope that the citizens and nobles in the town were coming to their help, and that the King might have escaped through an opening that led from the vault into the tennis-court. Presently, however, the King called to them to draw him up again, for he had not been able to get out of the vault, having a few days before caused the hole to be bricked up, because his tennis-balls used to fly into it and be lost. In trying to draw him up by the sheets, Elizabeth Douglas, another of the

ladies, was actually pulled down into the vault; the noise was heard by the assassins, who were still watching outside, and they returned.

There is no need to tell of the foul and cruel slaughter that ensued, nor of the barbarous vengeance that visited it. Our tale is of golden, not of brazen deeds; and if we have turned our eyes for a moment to the Bloody Carnival of Perth, it is for the sake of the King, who was too upright for his bloodthirsty subjects, and, above all, for that of the noble-hearted lady whose frail arm was the guardian of her sovereign's life in the extremity of peril.

In like manner, on the dreadful 6th of October, 1789, when the infuriated mob of Paris had been incited by the revolutionary leaders to rush to Versailles in pursuit of the Royal Family, whose absence they fancied deprived them of bread and liberty, a woman shared the honour of saving her sovereign's life, at least for that time.

The confusion of the day, with the multitude thronging the courts and park of Versailles, uttering the most frightful threats and insults, had been beyond all description; but there had been a pause at night, and at two o'clock, poor Queen Marie Antoinette, spent with horror and fatigue, at last went to bed, advising her ladies to do the same; but their anxiety was too great, and they sat up at her door. At half-past four they heard musket-shots, and loud shouts, and while one awakened the Queen, the other, Madame Auguier,

flew towards the place whence the noise came. As she opened the door, she found one of the royal body-guards, with his face covered with blood, holding his musket so as to bar the door while the furious mob were striking at him. He turned to the lady, and cried, "Save the Queen, madame, they are come to murder her!" Quick as lightning, Madame Auguier shut and bolted the door, rushed to the Queen's bedside, and dragged her to the opposite door, with a petticoat just thrown over her. Behold, the door was fastened on the other side! The ladies knocked violently, the King's valet opened it, and in a few minutes the whole family were in safety in the King's apartments. M. de Miomandre, the brave guardsman, who used his musket to guard the Queen's door instead of to defend himself, fell wounded; but his comrade, M. de Repaire, at once took his place, and, according to one account, was slain, and the next day his head, set upon a pike, was borne before the carriage in which the royal family were escorted back to Paris.

M. de Miomandre, however, recovered from his wounds, and a few weeks after, the Queen, hearing that his loyalty had made him a mark for the hatred of the mob, sent for him to desire him to quit Paris. She said that gold could not repay such a service as his had been, but she hoped one day to be able to recompense him more as he deserved; meanwhile, she hoped he would consider that as a sister might advance a timely sum

to a brother, so she might offer him enough to defray his expenses at Paris, and to provide for his journey. In a private audience then he kissed her hand, and those of the King and his saintly sister, Elizabeth, while the Queen gratefully expressed her thanks, and the King stood by, with tears in his eyes, but withheld by his awkward bashfulness from expressing the feelings that overpowered him.

Madame Auguier, and her sister, Madame Campan, continued with their royal lady until the next stage in that miserable downfall of all that was high and noble in unhappy France. She lived through the horrors of the Revolution, and her daughter became the wife of Marshal Ney.

Well it is that the darkening firmament does but show the stars, and that when treason and murder surge round the fated chambers of royalty, their foulness and violence do but enhance the loyal self-sacrifice of such door-keepers as Catharine Douglas, Madame Auguier, or M. de Miomandre.

> Such deeds can woman's spirit do,
> O Catharine Douglas, brave and true!
> Let Scotland keep thy holy name
> Still first upon her ranks of fame.

VII.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S DAUGHTER.

1535.

IT would take a *King's Quair* or more to say all one would like to say in praise of her of whom Tennyson wrote :[1]

> Morn broadened on the borders of the dark
> Ere I saw her, who clasp't in her last trance
> Her murder'd father's head.

It is only possible, in a few lines, to suggest points that shall make you want to read for yourselves more about Sir Thomas More and his daughter, Margaret Roper.

We scarcely know for which of his many splendid qualities we admire and love Sir Thomas More most:—for the brilliant attainments that lifted him, from comparative obscurity, to so high a position in the state; for the ready wit, genial and kindly bearing and versatility of mind that made him for many years the associate and friend of Henry the king, of Wolsey the cardinal, of Erasmus, the gentle partizan of Greek and the new learning, of Colet, the learned dean, founder of St Paul's school, of Holbein the painter, and of scores of people like his son-in-law, William Roper, who loved him because he was so lovable; for his literary gem, that splendid *Utopia*, which has been a sort of vision of perfection to

[1] *Dream of Fair Women.*

many a reformer since the days when its author, perhaps half-jestingly, first wrote it; for his extraordinary power of creating and keeping up domestic affection and happiness in that great household at Chelsea, including, as it did, so many degrees of relationship; or for that unswerving, unwavering faith which could make him willingly, nay cheerfully, count nothing lost—not even life itself—so long as he kept his conscience void of offence. For which of these many qualities do we love him? The best answer, perhaps, would be that we love him for all of them, or rather for that great human heart in him that made all the other things possible.

Perhaps the truest picture that has ever been drawn of More and his daughter, surpassing even the portraits of their friend, Hans Holbein, or the familiar touches given in the letters of their other friend, Erasmus, is to be found in that charming story *The Household of Sir Thomas More*[1] written by Miss Manning, some half-a-century ago.

WE have seen how dim and doubtful was the belief that upbore the grave and beautiful Antigone in her self-sacrifice; but there have been women who have been as brave and devoted in their care for the mortal remains of their friends—not from the heathen fancy that the weal of the dead depended on such rites, but from their earnest love, and with a fuller trust beyond.

Such was the spirit of Beatrix, a noble maiden of Rome, who shared the Christian faith of her two brothers, Simplicius and Faustinus, at the end of the third century. For many years there

[1] With introduction by W. H. Hutton.

had been no persecution, and the Christians were living at peace, worshipping freely, and venturing even to raise churches. Young people had grown up to whom the being thrown to the lions, beheaded, or burnt for the faith's sake, was but a story of the times gone by. But under the Emperor Diocletian all was changed. The old heathen gods must be worshipped, incense must be burnt to the statue of the Emperor, or torture and death were the punishment. The two brothers Simplicius and Faustinus were thus asked to deny their faith, and resolutely refused. They were cruelly tortured, and at length beheaded, and their bodies thrown into the tawny waters of the Tiber. Their sister Beatrix had taken refuge with a poor devout Christian woman, named Lucina. But she did not desert her brothers in death; she made her way in secret to the bank of the river, watching to see whether the stream might bear down the corpses so dear to her. Driven along, so as to rest upon the bank, she found them at last, and, by the help of Lucina, she laid them in the grave in the cemetery called Ad Ursum Pileatum. For seven months she remained in her shelter, but she was at last denounced, and was brought before the tribunal, where she made answer that nothing should induce her to adore gods made of wood and stone. She was strangled in her prison, and her corpse being cast out, was taken home by Lucina, and buried beside her brothers. It was, indeed, a favourite charitable work of the Christian

widows at Rome to provide for the burial of the martyrs; and as for the most part they were poor old obscure women, they could perform this good work with far less notice than could persons of more mark.

But nearer home, our own country shows a truly Christian Antigone, resembling the Greek lady, both in her dutifulness to the living, and in her tender care for the dead. This was Margaret, the favourite daughter of Sir Thomas More, the true-hearted, faithful statesman of King Henry VIII.

Margaret's home had been an exceedingly happy one. Her father, Sir Thomas More, was a man of the utmost worth, and was both earnestly religious and conscientious, and of a sweetness of manner and playfulness of fancy that endeared him to every one. He was one of the most affectionate and dutiful of sons to his aged father, Sir John More; and when the son was Lord Chancellor, while the father was only a judge, Sir Thomas, on his way to his court, never failed to kneel down before his father in public, and ask his blessing. Never was the old saying, that a dutiful child has dutiful children, better exemplified than in the More family. In the times when it was usual for parents to be very stern with children, and keep them at a great distance, sometimes making them stand in their presence, and striking them for any slight offence Sir Thomas More thought it his duty to be friendly and affectionate with them, to talk to them, and to enter into their

confidence; and he was rewarded with their full love and duty.

He had four children—Margaret, Elizabeth, Cicely, and John. His much-loved wife died when they were all very young, and he thought it for their good to marry a widow, Mrs. Alice Middleton, with one daughter named Margaret, and he likewise adopted an orphan called Margaret Giggs. With this household he lived in a beautiful large house at Chelsea, with well-trimmed gardens sloping down to the Thames; and this was the resort of the most learned and able men, both English and visitors from abroad, who delighted in pacing the shady walks, listening to the wit and wisdom of Sir Thomas, or conversing with the daughters, who had been highly educated, and had much of their father's humour and sprightliness. Even Henry VIII. himself, then one of the most brilliant and graceful gentlemen of his time, would sometimes arrive in his royal barge, and talk theology or astronomy with Sir Thomas; or, it might be, crack jests with him and his daughters, or listen to the music in which all were skilled, even Lady More having been persuaded in her old age to learn to play on various instruments, including the flute. The daughters were early given in marriage, and, with their husbands, continued to live under their father's roof. Margaret's husband was William Roper, a young lawyer, of whom Sir Thomas was very fond, and his household at Chelsea was thus a large and

joyous family home of children and grandchildren, delighting in the kind, bright smiles of the open face under the square cap, that the great painter Holbein has sent down to us as a familiar sight.

But these glad days were not to last for ever. The trying times of the reign of Henry VIII. were beginning, and the question had been stirred whether the King's marriage with Katharine of Arragon had been a lawful one. When Sir Thomas More found that the King was determined to take his own course, and to divorce himself without permission from the Pope, it was against his conscience to remain in office when acts were being done which he could not think right or lawful. He therefore resigned his office as Lord Chancellor, and, feeling himself free from the load and temptation, his gay spirits rose higher than ever. His manner of communicating the change to his wife, who had been very proud of his state and dignity, was thus. At church, when the service was over, it had always been the custom for one of his attendants to summon Lady More by coming to her closet door, and saying, "Madam, my lord is gone." On the day after his resignation, he himself stepped up, and with a low bow said, "Madam, my lord is gone," for in good sooth he was no longer Chancellor, but only plain Sir Thomas.

He thoroughly enjoyed his leisure, but he was not long left in tranquillity. When Anne Boleyn was crowned, he was invited to be present, and

twenty pounds were offered him to buy a suitably splendid dress for the occasion; but his conscience would not allow him to accept the invitation, though he well knew the terrible peril he ran by offending the king and queen. Thenceforth there was a determination to ruin him. First, he was accused of taking bribes when administering justice. It was said that a gilt cup had been given to him as a new-year's gift, by one lady, and a pair of gloves filled with gold coins by another; but it turned out, on examination, that he had drunk the wine out of the cup, and accepted the gloves, because it was ill manners to refuse a lady's gift, yet he had in both cases given back the gold.

Next, a charge was brought that he had been leaguing with a half-crazy woman called the Nun of Kent, who had said violent things about the King. He was sent for to be examined by Henry and his Council, and this he well knew was the interview on which his safety would turn, since the accusation was a mere pretext and the real purpose of the King was to see whether he would go along with him in breaking away from Rome—a proceeding that Sir Thomas, both as churchman and as lawyer, could not think legal. Whether we agree or not in his views, it must always be remembered that he ran into danger by speaking the truth, and doing what he thought right. He really loved his master, and he knew the humour of Henry VIII., and the temptation was sore; but

when he came down from his conference with the King in the Tower, and was rowed down the river to Chelsea, he was so merry that William Roper, who had been waiting for him in the boat, thought he must be safe, and said, as they landed and walked up the garden—

"I trust, sir, all is well, since you are so merry?"

"It is so, indeed, son, thank God!"

"Are you then, sir, put out of the bill?"

"Wouldest thou know, son, why I am so joyful? In good faith I rejoice that I have given the devil a foul fall; because I have with those lords gone so far that without great shame I can never go back" he answered, meaning that he had been enabled to hold so firmly to his opinions, and speak them out so boldly, that henceforth the temptation to dissemble them and please the King would be much lessened. That he had held his purpose in spite of the weakness of mortal nature, was true joy to him, though he was so well aware of the consequences that when his daughter Margaret came to him the next day with the glad tidings that the charge against him had been given up, he calmly answered her. "In faith, Meg, what is put off is not given up."

One day, when he had asked Margaret how the world went with the new Queen, and she replied, "In faith, father, never better; there is nothing else in the court but dancing and sporting," he replied, with sad foresight, "Never better. Alas, Meg! it pitieth me to remember unto what misery,

poor soul, she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spurn off our heads like footballs, but it will not be long ere her head will take the same dance."

So entirely did he expect to be summoned by a pursuivant that he thought it would lessen the fright of his family if a sham summons were brought. So he caused a great knocking to be made while all were at dinner, and the sham pursuivant went through all the forms of citing him, and the whole household were in much alarm, till he explained the jest; but the earnest came only a few days afterwards. On the 13th of the April of 1534, arrived the real pursuivant to summon him to Lambeth, there to take the oath of supremacy, declaring that the King was the head of the Church of England, and that the Pope had no authority there. He knew what the refusal would bring on him. He went first to church, and then, not trusting himself to be unmanned by his love for his children and grandchildren, instead of letting them, as usual, come down to the water side, with tender kisses and merry farewells, he shut the wicket-gate of the garden upon them all, and only allowed his son-in-law Roper to accompany him, whispering into his ear, "I thank our Lord, the field is won."

Conscience had triumphed over affection, and he was thankful, though for the last time he looked on the trees he had planted, and the happy home he had loved. Before the Council, he undertook

to swear to some clauses in the oath which were connected with the safety of the realm; but he refused to take that part of the oath which related to the King's power over the Church. It is said that the King would thus have been satisfied, but that the Queen urged him further. At any rate, after being four days under the charge of the Abbot of Westminster, Sir Thomas was sent to the Tower of London. There his wife—a plain, dull woman, utterly unable to understand the point of conscience—came and scolded him for being so foolish as to lie there in a close, filthy prison, and be shut up with rats and mice, instead of enjoying the favour of the King. He heard all she had to say, and answered, "I pray thee, good Mrs. Alice, tell me one thing—is not this house as near heaven as my own?" To which she had no better answer than "Tilly vally, tilly vally." But, in spite of her folly, she loved him faithfully; and when all his property was seized, she sold even her clothes to obtain necessaries for him in prison.

His chief comfort was, however, in visits and letters from his daughter Margaret, who was fully able to enter into the spirit that preferred death to transgression. He was tried in Westminster Hall, on the 1st of July, and, as he had fully expected, sentenced to death. He was taken back along the river to the Tower. On the wharf his loving Margaret was waiting for her last look. She broke through the guard of soldiers with bills

and halberds, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him, unable to say any word but "Oh, my father!—oh, my father!" He blessed her, and told her that whatsoever she might suffer, it was not without the will of God, and she must therefore be patient. After having once parted with him, she suddenly turned back again, ran to him, and clinging round his neck, kissed him over and over again—a sight at which the guards themselves wept. She never saw him again; but the night before his execution he wrote to her a letter with a piece of charcoal, with tender remembrances to all the family, and saying to her, "I never liked your manner better than when you kissed me last: for I am most pleased when daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look to worldly courtesy." He likewise made it his especial request that she might be permitted to be present at his burial.

His hope was sure and stedfast, and his heart so firm that he did not even cease from humorous sayings. When he mounted the crazy ladder of the scaffold he said, "Master Lieutenant, I pray you see me safe up; and for my coming down let me shift for myself." And he desired the executioner to give him time to put his beard out of the way of the stroke, "since that had never offended his Highness."

His body was given to his family, and laid in the tomb he had already prepared in Chelsea Church; but the head was set up on a pole on

London Bridge. The calm, sweet features were little changed, and the loving daughter gathered courage as she looked up at them. How she contrived the deed, is not known; but, before many days had past, the head was no longer there, and Mrs. Roper was said to have taken it away. She was sent for to the Council, and accused of the stealing of her father's head. She shrank not from avowing that thus it had been, and that the head was in her own possession. One story says that, as she was passing under the bridge in a boat, she looked up, and said, "That head has often lain in my lap; I would that it would now fall into it." And at that moment it actually fell, and she received it. It is far more likely that she went by design, at the same time as some faithful friend on the bridge, who detached the precious head, and dropped it down to her in her boat beneath. Be this as it may, she owned before the cruel-hearted Council that she had taken away and cherished the head of the man whom they had slain as a traitor. However, Henry VIII. was not a Creon, and our Christian Antigone was dismissed unhurt by the Council, and allowed to retain possession of her treasure. She caused it to be embalmed, kept it with her wherever she went, and when, nine years afterwards, she died (in the year 1544), it was laid in her coffin in the "Roper aisle" of St. Dunstan's Church, at Canterbury.

VIII.

FATHERS AND SONS.

B.C. 219—A.D. 1642—1798.

WE have seen (story IV.) how Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, gained his position by keeping in check the Carthaginian power in Sicily. Story VIII. takes us a step or two forward in the history of Sicily, Rome and Carthage. We can only very briefly touch on the more important points here.

The jealousy between the Carthaginians and the Greeks in Sicily still continued, and after a time Rome, who, as we have seen, derived considerable supplies from Sicily, and who had meanwhile conquered most of the South of Italy and was thus brought nearer, interfered in the struggle by making an alliance with Syracuse against Carthage. This is known in history as the First Punic[1] War. The war had to be waged to a great extent over sea; Rome found herself obliged to equip a great fleet to carry her troops; she became a naval power and a greater rival than ever of Carthage. The Carthaginian supremacy in Sicily was broken; the power lost to Carthage passed—not as before to Syracuse—but to Rome. Syracuse retained her own independence, but Sicily, and later on Sardinia, also a Carthaginian settle-

[1] Lat. Punicus, *i.e.* Phoenician. The Carthaginians were Phoenicians.

ment, became mere Roman provinces. To repair her great loss, Carthage set to work to establish a foothold elsewhere. Across the blue waters of the Mediterranean to the west of Carthage lay Spain (Hispania). To the Carthaginians, used to making the Mediterranean a highway for their ships and boats, it was a mere nothing to cross over this strip of water. A new Carthage arose in Spain, and province after province in the new country fell into the hands of the Carthaginians under their great leaders Hamilcar, his son-in-law Hasdrubal, and his son Hannibal.

Rome looked on with jealous eyes, watching for some pretext to interfere. On the accession, if we may so call it, of Hannibal, the Carthaginians held sway over the whole of the Spanish peninsula as far as the Ebro. Then Rome stepped in; she found it easy to quarrel with Hannibal, and war was declared. So began the Second Punic war.

The Romans had made up their minds to wage it in Spain and Africa, but they did not know that they had to do with the "greatest captain that the world has seen."[1] Hannibal made his plans without consulting the Roman taste; he disconcerted all their schemes by descending on Italy itself, through the newly won province of Gaul and over the Alps. It is the most splendid achievement in military history. Before the Romans could realise what had happened Hannibal and his men were in their midst. For fifteen years the contest went on, and time after time, in the great battle of Cannae and at other places, Hannibal was victorious, until Rome was brought to the verge of ruin.

But Hannibal was too great a man for his age; jealousy helped the Roman cause more than good generalship. Hannibal was recalled, and with him went

[1] Dr. Arnold.

all the Carthaginian chances of securing Italy. Scipio (surnamed Africanus) invaded Africa, and defeated the Carthaginians; a temporary peace was concluded; and finally in the Third Punic war the power of Carthage was completely crushed and overthrown, Carthage itself entirely destroyed, B.C. 146.

The great artist Turner painted two famous pictures, one representing the making, the other the fall of Carthage. In the Academy of 1903 there was exhibited a beautiful figure, sculptured by Lucchesi, shewing the devotion of the women of Carthage in their famous siege, when they cut off their long hair to string the bows of their men.

They were a strange people—these Carthaginians or Phoenicians—in some respects barbarous, bloodthirsty and cruel, even in their religion, and yet they were, in other respects, the most worthy rivals the Greeks and Romans ever had to meet.

ONE of the noblest characters in old Roman history is the first Scipio Africanus, and his first appearance is in a most pleasing light, at the battle of the river Ticinus, B.C. 219, when the Carthaginians, under Hannibal, had just completed their wonderful march across the Alps, and surprised the Romans in Italy itself.

Young Scipio was then only seventeen years of age, and had gone to his first battle under the eagles of his father, the Consul, Publius Cornelius Scipio. It was an unfortunate battle; the Romans, when exhausted by long resistance to the Spanish horse in Hannibal's army, were taken in flank by the Numidian cavalry, and entirely broken. The

Consul rode in front of the few equites he could keep together, striving by voice and example to rally his forces, until he was pierced by one of the long Numidian javelins, and fell senseless from his horse. The Romans, thinking him dead, entirely gave way; but his young son would not leave him, and, lifting him on his horse, succeeded in bringing him safe into the camp, where he recovered, and his after days retrieved the honour of the Roman arms.

The story of a brave and devoted son comes to us to light up the sadness of our civil wars between Cavaliers and Roundheads in the middle of the seventeenth century. It was soon after King Charles had raised his standard at Nottingham, and set forth on his march for London, that it became evident that the Parliamentary army, under the Earl of Essex, intended to intercept his march. The King himself was with the army, with his two boys, Charles and James; but the General-in-chief was Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsay, a brave and experienced old soldier, sixty years of age, godson to Queen Elizabeth, and to her two favourite Earls, whose Christian name he bore. He had been in her Essex's expedition to Cadiz, and had afterwards served in the Low Countries, under Prince Maurice of Nassau; for the long Continental wars had throughout King James's peaceful reign been treated by the English nobility as schools of arms, and a few campaigns were considered as a graceful finish to a gentle-

man's education. As soon as Lord Lindsay had begun to fear that the disputes between the King and Parliament must end in war, he had begun to exercise and train his tenantry in Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire, of whom he had formed a regiment of infantry. With him was his son Montague Bertie, Lord Willoughby, a noble-looking man of thirty-two, of whom it was said, that he was "as excellent in reality as others in pretence," and that, thinking "that the cross was an ornament to the crown, and much more to the coronet, he satisfied not himself with the mere exercise of virtue, but sublimated it, and made it grace." He had likewise seen some service against the Spaniards in the Netherlands, and after his return had been made a captain in the Lifeguards, and a Gentleman of the Bedchamber. Vandyke has left portraits of the father and the son; the one a baldheaded, alert, precise-looking old warrior, with the cuirass and guantlets of elder warfare; the other, the very model of a cavalier, tall, easy, and graceful, with a gentle reflecting face, and wearing the long lovelocks and deep-point lace collar and cuffs characteristic of Queen Henrietta's Court. Lindsay was called General-in-chief, but the King had imprudently exempted the cavalry from his command, its general, Prince Rupert of the Rhine, taking orders only from himself. Rupert was only three-and-twenty, and his education in the wild school of the Thirty Years' War had not taught him to lay aside his arrogance and

opinionativeness; indeed, he had shown great petulance at receiving orders from the King through Lord Falkland.

At eight o'clock, on the morning of the 23rd of October, King Charles was riding along the ridge of Edgehill, and looking down into the Vale of Red Horse, a fair meadow land, here and there broken by hedges and copses. His troops were mustering around him, and in the valley he could see with his telescope the various Parliamentary regiments, as they poured out of the town of Keinton, and took up their positions in three lines. "I never saw the rebels in a body before," he said, as he gazed sadly at the subjects arrayed against him. "I shall give them battle. God, and the prayers of good men to Him, assist the justice of my cause." The whole of his forces, about 11,000 in number, were not assembled till two o'clock in the afternoon, for the gentlemen who had become officers found it no easy matter to call their farmers and retainers together, and marshall them into any sort of order. But while one troop after another came trampling, clanking, and shouting in, trying to find and take their proper place, there were hot words round the royal standard.

Lord Lindsay, who was an old comrade of the Earl of Essex, the commander of the rebel forces, knew that he would follow the tactics they had both together studied in Holland, little thinking that one day they should be arrayed one against

the other in their own native England. He had a high opinion of Essex's generalship, and insisted that the situation of the Royal army required the utmost caution. Rupert, on the other hand, had seen the swift fiery charges of the fierce troopers of the Thirty Years' War, and was backed up by Patrick, Lord Ruthven, one of the many Scots who had won honour under the great Swedish King, Gustavus Adolphus. A sudden charge of the Royal horse would, Rupert argued, sweep the Roundheads from the field, and the foot would have nothing to do but to follow up the victory. The great portrait at Windsor shows us exactly how the King must have stood, with his charger by his side, and his grave, melancholy face, sad enough at having to fight at all with his subjects, and never having seen a battle, entirely bewildered between the ardent words of his spirited nephew and the grave replies of the well-seasoned old Earl. At last, as time went on, and some decision was necessary, the perplexed King, willing at least not to irritate Rupert, desired that Ruthven should array the troops in the Swedish fashion.

It was a greater affront to the General-in-Chief than the King was likely to understand, but it could not shake the old soldier's loyalty. He gravely resigned the empty title of General, which only made confusion worse confounded, and rode away to act as colonel of his own Lincoln regiment, pitying his master's perplexity, and resolved

that no private pique should hinder him from doing his duty. His regiment was of foot soldiers, and was just opposite to the standard of the Earl of Essex.

The church bell was ringing for afternoon service when the Royal forces marched down the hill. The last hurried prayer before the charge was stout old Sir Jacob Astley's, "O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me;" then, rising, he said, "March on, boys." And, amid prayer and exhortation, the other side awaited the shock, as men whom a strong and deeply embittered sense of wrong had roused to take up arms. Prince Rupert's charge was, however, fully successful. No one even waited to cross swords with his troopers, but all the Roundhead horse galloped headlong off the field, hotly pursued by the Royalists. But the main body of the army stood firm, and for some time the battle was nearly equal, until a large troop of the enemy's cavalry who had been kept in reserve, wheeled round and fell upon the Royal forces just when their scanty supply of ammunition was exhausted.

Step by step, however, they retreated bravely, and Rupert, who had returned from his charge, sought in vain to collect his scattered troopers, so as to fall again on the rebels; but some were plundering, some chasing the enemy, and none could be got together. Lord Lindsay was shot through the thigh bone, and fell. He was in-

stantly surrounded by the rebels on horseback; but his son, Lord Willoughby, seeing his danger, flung himself alone among the enemy, and forcing his way forward, raised his father in his arms, thinking of nothing else, and unheeding his own peril. The throng of enemy around called to him to surrender, and, hastily giving up his sword, he carried the Earl into the nearest shed, and laid him on a heap of straw, vainly striving to staunch the blood. It was a bitterly cold night, and the frosty wind came howling through the darkness. Far above, on the ridge of the hill, the fires of the King's army shone with red light, and some way off on the other side twinkled those of the Parliamentary forces. Glimmering lanterns or torches moved about the battle-field, those of the savage plunderers who crept about to despoil the dead. Whether the battle were won or lost, the father and son knew not, and the guard who watched them knew as little. Lord Lindsay himself murmured, "If it please God I should survive, I never will fight in the same field with boys again!"—no doubt deeming that young Rupert had wrought all the mischief. His thoughts were all on the cause, his son's all on him: and piteous was that night, as the blood continued to flow, and nothing availed to check it, nor was any aid near to restore the old man's ebbing strength.

Towards midnight the Earl's old comrade Essex had time to understand his condition, and sent some officers to inquire for him, and promise

speedy surgical attendance. Lindsay was still full of spirit, and spoke to them so strongly of their broken faith, and of the sin of disloyalty and rebellion, that they slunk away one by one out of the hut, and dissuaded Essex from coming himself to see his old friend, as he had intended. The surgeon, however, arrived, but too late, Lindsay was already so much exhausted by cold and loss of blood, that he died early in the morning of the 24th, all his son's gallant devotion having failed to save him.

The sorrowing son received an affectionate note the next day from the King, full of regret for his father and esteem for himself. Charles made every effort to obtain his exchange, but could not succeed for a whole year. He was afterwards one of the four noblemen who, seven years later, followed the King's white, silent, snowy funeral in the dismantled St. George's Chapel; and from first to last he was one of the bravest, purest, and most devoted of those who did honour to the Cavalier cause.

We have still another brave son to describe, and for him we must turn away from these sad pages of our history, when we were a house divided against itself, to one of the hours of our brightest glory, when the cause we fought in was the cause of all the oppressed, and nearly alone we upheld the rights of oppressed countries against the invader. And thus it is that the battle of the Nile is one of the exploits to which we look back

with the greatest exultation, when we think of the triumph of the British flag.

Let us think of all that was at stake. Napoleon Bonaparte was climbing to power in France, by directing her successful arms against the world. He had beaten Germany and conquered Italy; he had threatened England, and his dream was of the conquest of the East. Like another Alexander, he hoped to subdue Asia, and overthrow the hated British power by depriving it of India. Hitherto, his dreams had become earnest by the force of his marvellous genius, and by the ardour which he breathed into the whole French nation; and when he set sail from Toulon, with 40,000 tried and victorious soldiers and a magnificent fleet, all were filled with vague and unbounded expectations of almost fabulous glories. He swept away as it were the degenerate knights of St. John from their rock of Malta, and sailed for Alexandria in Egypt, in the latter end of June, 1798.

His intentions had not become known, and the English Mediterranean fleet was watching the course of this great armament. Sir Horatio Nelson was in pursuit, with the English vessels, and wrote to the First Lord of the Admiralty: "Be they bound to the Antipodes, your lordship may rely that I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action."

Nelson had, however, not ships enough to be detached to reconnoitre, and he actually overpassed the French, whom he guessed to be on the way to

Egypt; he arrived at the port of Alexandria on the 28th of June, and saw its blue waters and flat coast lying still in their sunny torpor, as if no enemy were on the seas. Back he went to Syracuse, but could learn no more there; he obtained provisions with some difficulty, and then, in great anxiety, sailed for Greece; where at last, on the 28th of July, he learnt that the French fleet had been seen from Candia, steering to the south-east, about four weeks since. In fact, it had actually passed by him in a thick haze, which concealed each fleet from the other, and had arrived at Alexandria on the 1st of July, three days after he had left it!

Every sail was set for the south, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of August a very different sight was seen in Aboukir Bay, so solitary a month ago. It was crowded with shipping. Great castle-like men-of-war rose with all their proud calm dignity out of the water, their dark port-holes opening in the white bands on their sides, and the tricoloured flag floating as their ensign. There were thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, and, of these, three were 80-gun ships, and one, towering high above the rest, with her three decks, was *L'Orient*, of 120 guns. Look well at her, for there stands the hero for whose sake we have chosen this and no other of Nelson's glorious fights to place among the setting of our Golden Deeds. There he is, a little *cadet de vaisseau*, as the French call a midshipman, only

ten years old, with a heart swelling between awe and exultation at the prospect of his first battle; but, fearless and glad, for is he not the son of the brave Casabianca, the flag-captain? And is not this Admiral Brueys' own ship, looking down in scorn on the fourteen little English ships, not one carrying more than 74 guns, and one only 50?

Why Napoleon had kept the fleet there was never known. In his usual mean way of disavowing whatever turned out ill, he laid the blame upon Admiral Brueys; but, though dead men could not tell tales, his papers made it plain that the ships had remained in obedience to commands, though they had not been able to enter the harbour of Alexandria. Large rewards had been offered to any pilot who would take them in, but none could be found who would venture to steer into that port a vessel drawing more than twenty feet of water. They had, therefore, remained at anchor outside, in Aboukir Bay, drawn up in a curve along the deepest of the water, with no room to pass them at either end, so that the commissary of the fleet reported that they could bid defiance to a force more than double their number. The admiral believed that Nelson had not ventured to attack him when they had passed by one another a month before, and when the English fleet was signalled, he still supposed that it was too late in the day for an attack to be made.

Nelson had, however, no sooner learnt that the French were in sight than he signalled from his

ship, the *Vanguard*, that preparations for battle should be made, and in the meantime summoned up his captains to receive his orders during a hurried meal. He explained that, where there was room for a large French ship to swing, there was room for a small English one to anchor, and, therefore, he designed to bring his ships up to the outer part of the French line, and station them close below their adversaries; a plan that he said Lord Hood had once designed, though he had not carried it out.

Captain Berry was delighted, and exclaimed, "If we succeed, what will the world say?"

"There is no *if* in the case," returned Nelson, "that we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the tale is a very different question."

And when they rose and parted, he said, "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey."

In the fleet went, through a fierce storm of shot and shell from a French battery in an island in front. Nelson's own ship, the *Vanguard*, was the first to anchor within half-pistol shot of the third French ship, the *Spartiate*. The *Vanguard* had six colours flying, in case any should be shot away; and such was the fire that was directed on her, that in a few minutes every man at the six guns in her forepart was killed or wounded, and this happened three times. Nelson himself received a wound in the head, which was thought at first to be mortal, but which proved

but slight. He would not allow the surgeon to leave the sailors to attend to him till it came to his turn.

Meantime his ships were doing their work gloriously. The *Bellerophon* was, indeed, overpowered by *L'Orient*, 200 of her crew killed, and all her masts and cables shot away, so that she drifted away as night came on; but the *Swiftsure* came up in her place, and the *Alexander* and *Leander* both poured in their shot. Admiral Brueys received three wounds, but would not quit his post, and at length a fourth shot almost cut him in two. He desired not to be carried below, but that he might die on deck.

About nine o'clock the ship took fire, and blazed up with fearful brightness, lighting up the whole bay, and showing five French ships with their colours hauled down, the others still fighting on. Nelson himself rose and came on deck when this fearful glow came shining from sea and sky into his cabin; and gave orders that the English boats should immediately be put off for *L'Orient*, to save as many lives as possible.

The English sailors rowed up to the burning ship which they had lately been attacking. The French officers listened to the offer of safety, and called to the little favourite of the ship, the captain's son, to come with them. "No," said the boy, "he was where his father had stationed him, and bidden him not to move save at his call." They told him his father's voice would never call

him again, for he lay senseless and mortally wounded on the deck, and that the ship must presently blow up. "No," said the brave child, "he must obey his father." The moment allowed no delay—the boat put off. The flames showed all that passed in a quivering glare more intense than daylight, and the little fellow was then seen on the deck, leaning over the prostrate figure, and presently tying it to one of the spars of the shivered masts.

Just then a thundering explosion shook down to the very hold every ship in the harbour, and burning fragments of *L'Orient* came falling far and wide, splashing heavily into the water, in the dead awful stillness that followed the fearful sound. English boats were plying busily about, picking up those who had leapt overboard in time. Some were dragged in through the lower portholes of the English ships, and about seventy were saved altogether. For one moment a boat's crew had a sight of a helpless figure bound to a spar, and guided by a little childish swimmer, who must have gone overboard with his precious freight just before the explosion. They rowed after the brave little fellow, earnestly desiring to save him; but in darkness, in smoke, in lurid uncertain light, amid hosts of drowning wretches, they lost sight of him again.

The boy, oh where was he!
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea;

With mast and helm, and pennant fair
That well had borne their part:
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart!

By sunrise the victory was complete. Nay, as Nelson said, "It was not a victory, but a conquest." Only four French ships escaped, and Napoleon and his army were cut off from home. These are the glories of our navy, gained by men with hearts as true and obedient as that of the brave child they had tried in vain to save. Yet still, while giving the full meed of thankful, sympathetic honour to our noble sailors, we cannot but feel that the Golden Deed of Aboukir Bay fell to—

"That young faithful heart."

NOTES.

P. 6, l. 8. **tragedies**, see Glossary.

13. **Pheræ**, see Introduction I.

19. **choric song.** In the old Greek Tragedies a group of characters, called the chorus, stood or moved about in front of the stage, apart from the main body of actors, and discoursed at intervals during the progress of the play.

The chorus might be said to correspond to the descriptive passages and comments of the author in a written book, without which we could not fully understand the dialogue in the story itself.

In real life we should perhaps find the nearest counterpart to the Greek chorus in the remarks made on the actions of masters and mistresses by their retainers or servants. Thus, the chorus made clear to the audience points that might otherwise have been difficult to understand or impossible to present on the stage. Like old family retainers, who are at once friends as well as servants, they could supply the world at large (*i.e.* the audience) with details of family history, sum up, comment on, even criticise the actions of those higher or more important than themselves. The tragedy unrolled itself regardless of their presence, and yet they were there, moving about, making their comments at intervals, sometimes noticed, sometimes almost unheeded, by those whose concerns were of such deep interest to them. Friends, gossips, servants, the chorus might be all these, but it was something more; it was also the mouthpiece of the author, by means of which he was able to give his own view of the situation.

The words of the chorus were not spoken, but chanted—dirge-like—in unison, to the accompaniment of a single flute, the music always being in subjection to the words, which could be distinctly heard throughout. Shakspere uses a chorus in the play of *Henry V.*, but there the chorus is merely used as a prologue, never as a character, or group of characters, in the play.

P. 7, l. 13. **Hercules**, son of strength, has some connexion with the Solar myth.

His works of strength or Labours were twelve in number, and included the conquest of many monsters, such as the Hydra, of terrific size and strength. He fetched the golden apple from the Hesperides and brought back Cerberus from the lower world. His great strength made him rough and boisterous in manner.

26. **old tales.** As an instance we may take the story of Demeter (Ceres), goddess of the earth, whose daughter, Persephone, was carried off, an unwilling bride, by Aidoneus (Pluto) to the lower world, and was afterwards restored to her mother for nine out of the twelve months in the year. The three months spent in the lower world represent the time during which the seed lies concealed in the earth. See Tennyson's poem *Demeter and Persephone.*

29. **Chaucer,** whom we regard as the father of English poetry, was born in 1340 and died in 1400. Besides the *Canterbury Tales,* told by the pilgrims on their way to the Shrine of S. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, Chaucer wrote many other beautiful poems. The reference to Alcestis is taken from the Prologue (1st version) to the poem called the *Legend of Good Women.* Chaucer was the friend of John of Gaunt (see Int. V.).

P. 8, l. 22. **Sophocles,** see Introduction I.

P. 9, l. 1. **Attic,** Attica, the state in Greece of which Athens was the capital.

15. **Eumenides,** the Furies, or Avenging deities, of the old Greeks. They were said to have the power of punishing crimes, such as disobedience towards parents, murder and the violation of the laws of hospitality. They were terrible-looking beings with serpents twined in their hair and black bodies. Euripides describes them as winged. Sacrifices, to propitiate their wrath, were offered to them.

31. **spirit wandering.** See Virgil, *Aeneid,* Bk. vi., ll. 327-330.

P. 13, l. 26. **The Great King,** Xerxes.

29. **Ægæus.** The Ægæan Sea.

P. 14, l. 5. **All people,** etc. You will remember Nebuchadnezzar's similar proclamation quoted in the Book of Daniel. It was he who boasted of "Great Babylon which I have builded"; and it was a successor of his, Belshazzar, who afterwards fell into the hands of Darius, king of Medo-Persia. He had been "weighed in the balances and found wanting" and so the kingdom of Babylon with all its "power and strength and glory" passed into Persian hands.

9. **Chaldeans,** ruling race in Babylon. The Babylonian empire, at its height, extended from the Euphrates to Egypt. Babylon itself is perhaps the most wonderful city the world has ever known.

11. **Jew,** Palestine was included in the Persian dominion.

Phœnicians, a wonderful people dwelling on the coasts of Syria. The nature of their country, a narrow strip between the mountains and the sea, made them a sea-faring race. They were probably the earliest sailors, builders of ships, explorers and traders in the world. They made voyages of discovery, venturing through the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar) as far as our own Britain, where they traded for tin. They made settlements wherever they went, such as, for instance, the great city of *Carthage*. All sorts of inventions and sciences are ascribed to them; from them the Greek, and, indirectly, all the other alphabets of Europe, are derived. They made glass, coined money, and even helped King Solomon in the artistic decoration of his Temple. In spite of rivalry, the Phœnician cities of Tyre and Sidon lasted down to the Christian era.

13. **Ethiopian**, people of the Upper Nile in Egypt; any black-skinned people.

17. **Susa**, winter residence of the Persian kings; now nothing but a few mounds.

Persepolis, ancient capital of Persia, before the conquest of Babylon.

20. **Ionians**. Greeks settled in the middle of the western coast of Asia Minor.

P. 15, l. 8. **Great King**. See Introduction II.

15. **Sardis**. See Introduction II.

21. **Thessaly**. See Introduction I.

P. 17, l. 30. **Temple at Delphi**, situated on a steep rocky slope of Mount Parnassus, the abode of the gods. The temple was dedicated to Apollo. In the centre was a cavern in which rose a hot mineral spring. Here the priestess, acting as the mouthpiece of Apollo, took her stand when she delivered her oracle. The priests, who stood by her side, wrote down her words as they were spoken, rapidly turned them into verse, and then communicated them to those who had been sent to consult her. No wonder that the word oracle came to mean something not easy to understand!

P. 18, l. 12. **Greek belief**. See story I.

P. 19, l. 7. **Peloponnesus**. South part or peninsula of Greece, separated from the mainland by the Isthmus of Corinth.

22. **Demaratus**, a former king of Sparta, deposed.

P. 21, l. 8. **Cimmerian**, one of the many peoples conquered by the Persians. They once held Sardis.

P. 22, l. 4. **Mycenæ**, in Argolis, near the town of Argos. The Argives punished the town for this by destroying it.

5. **Thespiæ** in Boeotia. It and Platæa were the only places in Boeotia that did not submit to Xerxes.

6. **Thebes**, see story I.

P. 23, l. 2. **Pluto,** see note, p. 7, l. 26.

P. 24, l. 23. **fire or water,** *i.e.* hospitality, held in high esteem by the Greeks.

25. **Platæa,** see note on Thespiæ, p. 22, l. 5.

31. **Simonides,** a Greek lyric poet. He and Aeschylus competed for the prize offered in commemoration of Marathon. Simonides took the first prize. Ten years later he wrote the inscription.

P. 25, l. 7. **Pelops,** the king who gave his name to Peloponnesus.

18. **Spercheius,** a river in the S. of Thessaly.

P. 28, l. 33. **Campagna,** campus or plain. The grassy plains beyond the city itself.

P. 29, l. 10. **toga,** the woollen gown or outer garment worn by the Romans. Originally it was the distinctive dress of a Roman, and might not be worn by strangers. It was very large, semi-circular in form, and was wrapped in loose folds round the body. The toga, with purple hem, marked certain political privileges. The Consuls wore togas of purple and white. The purple toga, up to the time of the Empire, was sacred to the gods. The toga was worn originally by both sexes.

11. **Forum,** the open paved space where business was transacted. In the time of Tarquin it was surrounded by shops, but, as Rome increased in dignity, beautiful statues and noble buildings took their place.

16. **lictors,** public officers who attended the consuls. Each consul was entitled to twelve, who walked before him, in single line. They seem to have combined the work of policemen and public executioners.

18. **their own chamber,** the Curia Hostilia, in the Forum.

26. **Capitoline Hill** took its name from the Temple of Jupiter on its summit. The temple was called the Capitolium, because a human head (caput) was found when the foundations were dug. The Capitolium occupied one of the two peaks of the summit; on the other stood the strong citadel, the arx.

P. 30, ll. 3, 6. **tribunes** and **consuls,** see Introduction III.

5. **legion,** contained about 6000 soldiers of all kinds—infantry, cavalry, etc. It was thus more like an army corps than like the modern regiment. One general often commanded several legions.

22. **Etruscans,** the inhabitants of central Italy; they were not, like the Romans, a Latin race.

P. 31, l. 13. **Tuscan,** *i.e.* Etruscan. Clusium was the most important of the twelve great Etruscan cities

P. 33, l. 1. **Veii** was another of the twelve, only a few miles from Rome. It was one of the cities lately conquered by the Romans.

We can imagine, therefore, the disgrace it was to them to have to take refuge there. After the Gallic invasion the Romans seriously considered the question of abandoning Rome and removing to Veii.

23. **vestal virgins,** priestesses of Vesta (the goddess of the home). They ministered in her temple, and kept the sacred fires burning. There were always six vestal virgins, chosen with great care.

P. 34, l. 1. **Cumæ,** one of the most beautiful cities of Campania.

P. 35, l. 24. **curule,** *sella curulis*, chair of state.

P. 36, l. 13. **Juno's Temple,** also on the Capitoline Hill. It contained the mint or place for coining money.

16. **Quirinal Hill,** another of the seven hills of Rome.

P. 37, l. 13. **Ardea,** to the south of Rome.

P. 38, l. 13. **Father Tiber,** so called because Tiberinus, king of Alba, was drowned in it.

Horatius, see Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

P. 39, l. 9. **Dictator,** see Introduction III.

26. **Climb,** cf. taking of Quebec by Wolfe.

P. 47, l. 12. **Canaanites,** the same people as the Carthaginians; a Semitic race. See note, *Phœnicians*, p. 14, l. 11.

P. 49, l. 1. **Usurper.** After getting rid of the Carthaginians, Dionysius compelled Naxos and the other Greek cities to yield to his rule.

P. 50, l. 3. **Harmodius.** There is a slight mistake in the story here. Hipparchus alone was murdered by the two friends. His brother, Hippias, ruled alone for a time and was then expelled. He retired to Persia, and showed the Persians the easiest way to invade Greece at Marathon.

P. 56, l. 5. **Edward III.'s claim to the throne of France,** based on a broad reading of an obsolete law that, though a woman might not reign, her son, if born during his grandfather's life-time, might succeed. But, after all, it really rested on a question of expediency. It was not good for either country that the same king should reign over both. France suffered then, as later, from the fact that her feudal institutions allowed the *people* no voice. In England we have always had the elective principle to fall back on: the people *choose* their king, and have always chosen him. There are many instances, from before Alfred's time downwards, when an unsuitable king has been passed over.

P. 58, l. 6. **Hainault,** the southern part of modern Belgium.

P. 60. l. 24. **safely through his camp.** At the siege of Paris during the Franco-Prussian war, 1870, a similar request was made to the Germans at Versailles, but it was refused, and the women were sent back.

P. 62, l. 26. **Abbeville,** France, at the mouth of the Somme.

P. 71, l. 3. **Federal army, 1864**, during the civil war between the Northern and Southern States of America, which ended in the abolition of the Slave Trade.

Federals, the union of Northern States.

Confederates, the union of Southern States.

P. 74, l. 14. **Dominicans**, or preaching friars, called Black Friars because of their dress.

22. **Carnival**, a feast before a fast; hence called Carnem-vale (farewell meat!). This Carnival was in February, that is, very near Lent.

25. **tourney**, a tilt of knights, the chief act being to turn aside your adversary's blows.

P. 76, l. 29. **key ... castle**, without an armed force.

P. 77, l. 22. **eldest uncle**, Duke of Albany, first regent; murderer of the King's brother.

P. 80, l. 7. **Catherine Douglas**, known ever after as Kate Barlass. The Barlass family in Scotland to this day have for their crest a broken arm.

8. **cognisance of the bleeding heart**, the badge of the Douglas family. A Douglas, in response to the request of his king, carried the heart of Robert Bruce, enclosed in a silver casket, with him to the Holy Land when he joined the crusades. It was to have been buried in Jerusalem, but Douglas was killed, before he reached the goal, and the heart was brought back to Scotland to be buried.

P. 83, l. 5. **Madame Elizabeth**, one of the sweetest characters in history. She was the sister of Louis XVI., and sacrificed her own life—truly a golden deed—to remain with her brother and Marie Antoinette through the Revolution. After the execution of the king and queen, she herself was guillotined, when barely 30 years of age.

P. 88, l. 10. **Chelsea**, once a pleasant suburb of London where men of letters and other great people lived so that they might have rest and recreation. It was the home of Catherine Parr, of Anne of Cleves, and of Elizabeth before she became queen. In modern times Leigh Hunt, the poet; Rossetti, the poet and painter; Carlyle, the historian; and George Eliot, the novelist, have lived there.

P. 93, l. 18. **Tillyvally**, fiddlefaddle; nonsense.

P. 98, l. 22. **Ticinus**, just where the river joins the Po.

32. **Numidia**, modern Algiers.

P. 99, l. 15. **Nottingham**. The king raised his standard August the 22nd, 1642. This was virtually the first act in the civil war, although many events had been preparing the way for it beforehand. It was well known that both parties meant war when the Parliament put into force its ordinance of militia, and the king retaliated by a commission of array.

20. **Charles and James**, afterwards Charles II. and James II.

24. **two favourite Earls**, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

26. **Cadiz.** The Earl of Essex's capture of Cadiz in 1596 is called by Macaulay "the most brilliant military exploit that was achieved on the Continent by English arms during the long interval which elapsed between the battle of Agincourt and that of Blenheim."

27. **Maurice of Nassau**, the leader in the Netherlands of the Protestants, who were establishing their independence by a long war against their Spanish and Roman Catholic rulers. He was the son of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, from whom our William III. was descended.

P. 100, l. 16. **Lifeguards**, king's bodyguard.

17. **gentleman of the bedchamber**, in personal attendance on the king.

17. **Vandyke**, really Van Dyck, a famous portrait painter, born in Antwerp. His finest English painting is the group, now at Windsor, of Charles I., his queen, and two of his children.

29. **Rupert** was the son of the Elector Palatine and Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of James I. of England. He was therefore Charles I.'s nephew. He was a bold and dashing soldier, but too impetuous.

30. **Thirty Years' War.** This was the same struggle between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism that caused the war in the Netherlands, and the quarrels between England and Spain, culminating in the Armada. Princess Elizabeth's husband (see above), the Elector, was a Protestant. He was elected King of Bohemia, and his Roman Catholic subjects drove him out of the State, in the battle of Prague. The war, originally confined to Bohemia, spread over the whole of Germany, and, indeed, beyond, into Sweden and France, the different rulers ranging themselves on the two sides, partly influenced by religion, partly by politics. Before it was ended, by the Treaty of Westphalia, nearly the whole of Europe was involved in bloodshed.

P. 101. l. 6. **Edgehill**, Warwickshire.

28. **Earl of Essex**, son of Robert, Elizabeth's favourite.

P. 102, l. 9. **Gustavus Adolphus**, the "Snow-King," the greatest hero in the Thirty Years' War. Troubles with Poland brought him into the war, and he became not only the head of the Protestants in Germany against the Catholic League, but he was the life and soul of the Protestant cause; and, in character, his high ideals and unselfishness raised him high above all the other leaders, either on his own or the Catholic side. He created, by his enthusiasm, a

splendid army, which brought its efforts to a culminating point by the great victory over Wallenstein at Lützen, but in which, alas! the great king himself was slain (1632).

P. 106, l. 8. **Alexander,** the Great, King of Macedon, who extended the Greek power over Asia as far as India just in the same way as the Asiatics tried to extend their rule over Greece more than a hundred years earlier. But Alexander was a much greater man and a finer soldier than the Persian kings Darius or Xerxes.

18. **Knights of S. John.** This was one of the famous military religious orders founded during the Crusades: They are known as the Hospitallers, because they took a vow to provide *hospitium* (hospitality) for pilgrims and strangers. The Hospitallers were great rivals of the Templars, of whom we read in *Ivanhoe*, and with whom they fought for the possession of Acre. They were called Knights of S. John from the hospice of S. John at Jerusalem. After the Crusades they established themselves at Rhodes as Knights of Rhodes, and at Malta as Knights of Malta. They were driven from the last-named place when it surrendered to the French in 1798. Their badge was a Maltese cross.

23. **Nelson,** born, like so many other great and illustrious Englishmen, in Norfolk (1758), killed in his ship the "Victory" at the battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805. The old "Victory" lay, until quite recent times, as a memorial of England's naval supremacy, in Portsmouth Harbour.

P. 107, l. 9, **Candia,** capital of the island of Crete.

17. **Aboukir** Bay, coast of Egypt.

28. **the boy,** etc., taken from the poem written by Mrs. Hemans, a favourite minor poet of last century.

Charlotte Yonge, the author of the *Book of Golden Deeds*, was born in 1823, and died in 1900. She spent the greater part of her life at Otterbourne, near Winchester, and there wrote many books highly esteemed by the last generation. Among them are *The Daisy Chain*, *The Heir of Redclyffe*, *The Chaplet of Pearls*, and many delightful historical stories.

QUESTIONS.

1. "An act of courage is not necessarily a Golden Deed." Explain this by saying in your own words what is meant by a Golden Deed.

2. Write in your own words the story of Alcestis.

3. Give a short account of the Antigone of Sophocles.

4. Describe briefly either (*a*) The battle of Thermopylae or (*b*) The defence of the Capitol.

5. Give a brief account of the contest between Rome and Carthage ending with the fall of Carthage.

6. What particular form of devotion is illustrated in the story of the two friends of Syracuse? Who were the two friends? Give two other instances you may know in history or fiction of friendships equally noble.

7. Write a short account of the life and character of Queen Philippa of England.

8. On what plea did Edward III. claim the throne of France? Discuss the justice of his claim.

9. Describe the early history of James I. of Scotland before his succession to the throne.

10. What were the chief causes which led to the French Revolution of 1789? Compare them with those that led to the English Revolution of 1642. What events in each are connected with the dates October the 6th; October the 23rd?

11. What offices in the State were filled by Sir Thomas More? What brought about his downfall?

12. State in a few words what you know of the following:—Juno's geese (iii.), The Sword of Damocles (iv.), The Cognisance of the Bleeding Heart (vi.), The Vale of the Red Horse (viii.), The Kingis Quair (vi.).

13. What are the circumstances connected with each of the following quotations:

i. "If I forget Thee do not Thou forget me." (viii.)

ii. "Madam, my lord is gone." (vii.)

iii. "My oath is to you, not to her." (v.)

iv. "It is with iron, not gold, that Romans guard their country." (iii.)

v. "To-night we shall sup with Pluto." (ii.)

vi. "There shall not be a spot in my realm where the key shall not keep the castle." (vi.)

vii. "I pray you see me safe up; and for my coming down let me shift for myself." (vii.)

viii. "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey." (viii.)

14. Describe the geographical position of the following places and mention *one* fact of interest connected with each of them:—Ardea—Pherae—Plataea—Sardis—Syracuse—Thebes—Veii—Abbeville—Delphi—Carthage—Chelsea.

15. Explain what is meant by each of the following terms:—choric song, toga, consul, Forum, lictor, Capitol, legion, vestal-virgin, Tillyvally, Knights of St. John.

16. Give the meaning of the following words and, if possible, trace their derivation:—tragedy, oracle, sepulchre, transgress, anarchy, craft, fable, glacier, intercept, carnival.

17. In a few words say what you know of the following people:—Vandyke, Froissart, Plutarch, Chaucer, Eustache de St. Pierre, Pythagoras, Euripides, Catherine Barlass, Casabianca.

18. Describe the battle of Aboukir Bay.

SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.

1. Write, in your own words, some story that you have either read or heard, *not* given in this book, illustrating your idea of a Golden Deed.

2. "Men at some time are masters of their fates" (Julius Caesar, Act i. Sc. 2).

3. Write from memory the story of Antigone.

4. The invasion of Greece by the Persians.

5. Ancient and modern sieges, as illustrated by the taking of Calais and the Siege of Port Arthur.

6. A short historical sketch of James I. of Scotland.

7. The Phoenicians.

8. "Go, traveller, to Sparta tell
That here, obeying her, we fell."

Tell the story here referred to, in your own words.

9. Compare the devotion of the Senators of Rome, as described in the Rock of the Capitol, with that of the citizens of Calais.

10. A letter from a Roman boy, who had been in the Capitol during the siege, describing his experiences to a friend in the country.

11. Compare life in Scotland under King James with life in Great Britain at the present day. Is there the same opportunity now for Golden Deeds?

12. What is your idea of Patriotism? Illustrate from ancient or modern times.

GLOSSARY.

(The first number gives the page, the second the line, where the word occurs.)

abyss, a bottomless pit (39. 25).
adverse, opposed to (50. 11).
alert, active (40. 22).
allies, people bound together by agreement (22. 3).
ambassador, messenger (31. 31).
amethyst, precious stone, violet in colour (29. 1).
anarchy, without government; hence, disorder (77. 20).
arrogance, pride (100. 31).
assume, to take upon one's self (49. 6).
atone, to make to be at one, reconcile (34. 9).
avert, turn aside (15. 30).
battlement, parapet with openings on the top of a castle or fortress (56. 18).
burgher, free man of a burgh or town (68. 16).
capricious, changeable (48. 15).
***catherans**, chieftains (78. 13).
cavalier, lit. a horseman; a royalist (100. 21).
cavalry, horse soldiers (98. 32).
censer, incense pan (33. 24).
circuitous, travelling round about (21. 13).
cite, to call, to summon to court (92. 10).
cognisance, badge (80. 8).
commissary, officer in charge (108. 22).
copse, small wood of thick undergrowth (101. 8).
counsellor, one who gives advice (19. 24).
courtesy, courtliness, elegance of manner (94. 17).

craft, orig. power or ability, then power put to a bad use—cunning (77. 7).

cuirass, covering for breast, made at first of *leather*; F. *cuir* (100. 20).

degenerate, *adj.*, grown base (106. 18).

deputy, some one appointed to act for another (15. 24).

detachment, body of troops taken from main body (20. 24).

disavow, disown (108. 19).

disconcert, disturb, frustrate (97. 23).

dissemble, to represent a thing falsely, play the hypocrite (91. 17).

dissuade, advise against (10. 23).

elicit, to draw out (71. 17).

emblem, symbol, representation (15. 20).

embalm, to preserve from decay (95. 26).

ensign, distinguishing flag or sign (58. 30).

envoy, messenger (15. 18).

equites, horsemen (99. 1).

exempt, to free (100. 26).

expiate, to atone for (34. 12).

extant, still standing; Lat. *ex*, out; *stare*, to stand (44. 13).

fable, lit. a story spoken or told; hence, an untrue story (6. 1).

forlorn, lost, forsaken (8. 20).

foray, sudden raid for foraging (*i.e.* food finding) (31. 1).

freebooting, plundering (14. 12).

gainsay, to speak against (32. 23).

gallantry, politeness (66. 17).

gauntlet, long glove (100. 20).

glacier, a mountain ice-field; F. *glace*, from Lat. *glaciem*, acc. of *glacies*, ice (39. 25).

herald, the officer who challenged or carried messages between opposing armies (58. 24).

heraldic, having to do with a coat of arms or crest (57. 26).

heroic, see Introduction.

incitement, act of rousing (14. 4).

infantry, foot soldiers (100. 6).

interced , to plead for (31. 17).

intercept, to take anything by coming between and catching it (62. 23).

intervene, to come between (16. 28).

implacable, not to be appeased (68. 30).
impunity, freedom from punishment (76. 18).
impute, to ascribe (8. 8).
javelin, a long spear (99. 4).
legend, marvellous story (6. 13).
libations, wine poured forth in honour of a deity (11. 7).
litter, a portable bed (43. 25).
love-lock, curl hanging at the ear, worn by cavaliers (100. 23).
lurid, pale, wan (111. 26).
lust, desire (15. 10).
morass, marsh (16. 24).
obsequies, funeral ceremony; lit. a following; Lat. *ob*, *sequi*, to follow (18. 13).
oracle, divine announcement; Lat. *orare*, to pray (note on 17. 30).
parleys, talkings (65. 5).
pennon, or pennant, small, narrow flag; Lat. *penna*, a feather (58. 12).
pestilential, destructive, deadly (29. 3).
petulance, peevishness (101. 2).
pittance, a very small portion (8. 29).
pique, wounded pride (103. 1).
potentate, a sovereign ruler (13. 27).
presage, knowing beforehand (7. 28).
prowess, bravery, valour (62. 14).
pursuivant, a state messenger (92. 6).
quartered, divided into four parts (58. 10).
raid, a riding into an enemy's country to plunder (41. 11).
rampart, a mound or wall (19. 17).
ransom, to buy back (66. 1).
reconnoitre, lit. to get to know (an enemy's country) (106. 30).
recount, relate, tell over again (6. 9).
reprisal, retaliation (69. 4).
retrieve, to recover, bring back (99. 9).
revival, return to life (7. 27).
Round-head, shorn locks, mark of the Parliamentarians in the Civil War (102. 11).
sanctuary, sacred place; hence, a refuge (9. 17).
satrap, ruler (14. 8).

security, a pledge ; Lat. *se*, apart from, *cura*, anxiety (51. 3).

seer, one who fore*sees* and foretells events (5. 15).

sepulchral, belonging to a tomb ; O. F. *sepulcre*, Lat. *sepulcrum* : the *h* is due to a mis-spelling (6. 32).

shrine, a gra*ve* ; lit. a box ; Lat. *scrinium*, a chest (7. 1).

sooth, truth (89. 27).

signally, remarkably (15. 8).

staunchness, firmness (30. 16).

stratagem, pie*ce* of *general*ship, an artifice (41. 27).

subjugation, bringing under (15. 23).

sublimate, to lift on high (100. 13).

tactics, art of arranging troops (101. 29).

tawny, yellow brown, *tanned* (86. 14).

torpor, inactivity, sleepiness (107. 3).

tragedy, a drama in which both action and language are lofty, and the final event sad and disastrous. Lit. it means a *goat* song, because originally the actors wore goat-skins (6. 8).

traitor, one who betrays his king, his country, or his friend (19. 23).

transgress, to step across the limit ; hence, to sin (31. 30).

tributary, subject (14. 9).

turret, a small tower (56. 20).

usurper, a person who seizes to his own *use* (49. 21).

vassal, dependant (63. 14).

vindictive, revengeful (76. 5).

visage, face (35. 1).

weal, welfare (85. 25).

INDEX OF PROPER NAMES.

(The number refers to the page in which the name first occurs.)

A

Abbeville, 62.
Aboukir Bay, 107.
Admetus, 6.
Ægæus, 13.
Aeschylus, 4.
Albinus, 33.
Alcestis, 6.
Allia, 32.
Antigone, 8.
Ardea, 37
Aristodemus, 22.
Aristogeiton, 50.
Attica, 9.
Auguier, Madame, 82.

B

Babylon, 14.
Balaustion, 3.
Beatrix, 85.
Beaufort, Joan, 75.
Bonaparte, Napoleon, 106.
Brennus, 31.
Brueys, Admiral, 108.
Byron, Lord, 13.

C

Camillus, 37
Campan, Madame, 83.
Capitol, 29.
Casabianca, 108.
Chaldæan, 14.
Chaucer, 7.
Clusium, 31.
Colet, Dean, 84.
Colonus, 9.
Cominius, 38.
Copeland, 61.
Creon, 11.
Cyclopes, 45.

D

Daire, Jean, 67.
Damocles, 49.
Damon, 51.
David of Scotland, 62.
Delphi, 17.
Demaratus, 19.
Demeter, 44.
Diocletian, 86.
Dienices, 22.
Dionysius, 48.
Douglas, Catharine, 80.

E

Ephialtes, 20.
Erasmus, 84.
Eteocles, 8.
Ethiopian, 14.
Eubœa, 17.
Eumenides, 9.
Euripides, 7.
Eurytus, 22.

F

Fabius, 36.
Forum, 29.
Froissart, 53.

G
Gorgo, 18.
Graham, Sir Robert, 78.

H
Hannibal, 98
Harmodius, 50.
Hercules, 7.
Hermione, 3.
Holbein, 84.
Hydarnes, 20.

I
Ismene, 9.

L
Leonidas, 18.
Lindsay, Earl of, 99.

Malory, Sir Thos., 52.
Manlius (M.), 40.
Mauny, Sir Walter, 65.
Megistias, 21.
Miltiades, 12.
Miomandre de, 82.
More, Sir Thos., 87.
Mycenae, 22.

N
Nelson, 106.

O
Œdipus, 8.
Œta, 18.

P
Pelias, 1.
Persepolis, 14.
Pheræ, 6.
Philoxenus, 50.
Philippa, 61.
Phocian, 17.
Phœnician, 14.
Platæa, 24.
Plutarch, 28.
Pluto, 23.
Polynices, 9.
Pythagoras, 50.
Pythias, 50.

Q
Quintus, 32.
Quirinal, 36.

R
Romeo and Juliet, 5.
Roper, Margaret, 88.
Rossetti, D. G., 74.
Rupert, Prince, 100.

S
Sardis, 15.
Scipio (Africanus), 98.
Scott, Sir Walter, 74.
Simonides, 24.
Sophocles, 8.
Stewart, Sir Robert, 79.
St. Pierre, Eustache de, 67.
Strickland (Agnes), 55.
Sulpitius, 42.
Susa, 14.
Syracuse, 48.

T
Tempe, 16.
Thebes, 8.
Thermopylæ, 16.
Theseus, 9.
Thespiæ, 22.

V
Vandyke, 100.
Veii, 33.
Vienne, Sir Jean de, 58.

W
Willoughby, Lord, 100.
Wissant, 67.

X
Xerxes, 15.

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